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THE GIFT OF
VICTOR EMANUEL
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E. J. H.

THE
CONSPIRATORS,
OR THE
ROMANCE
OF
MILITARY LIFE.

BY
EDWARD QUILLINAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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THE ROYALIST.

CHAPTER II.

How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted maid?

WORDSWORTH.

BEYOND the first peep of daylight, Joanna was not allowed to rest in peace. The grand anniversary set all the household in motion, and dreadful to her ears was the note of preparation for the festival. But Ignatia arose at the first summons.

“ Soon as the sun along the skies
Had sent his ruddy light,
And fairies hid in cowslip leaves
Till wished approach of night,
The matin bell with shrilly sound
Re-echoed through the air ;
A troop of holy friars did
For Jesus’ mass prepare.”

The sound of a chapel-bell was a voice to whose call Ignatia was never disobedient ; but she had some difficulty in making Joanna conform to her example. As soon as their simple toilet was completed, they offered up their orisons in Saint Meinrad's chapel, and then commenced their descent of Mount Etzel towards the alpine valley of the Sil.

The approach to this place of reverence is at once grand and soothing : the mountains of Glaris, of all imaginable shapes, presenting the most impressive views.

“ 'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine
Between interminable tracts of pine,
A temple stands which holds an awful shrine,
Einsiedeln's fane !”*

The green open valley of the Sil is of the most pastoral character, dotted with numerous wooden huts, and well stocked with small cattle, whose many tinkling bells now made ungrateful music to Joanna's ear. She had sufficient recollection of the preceding day's mischances to deter her from any further approach to familiarity with

* Wordsworth.

the gregarious tribes, but she made amends to herself for this forbearance by chattering to every biped—man, woman, or child—whom they overtook, or by whom they were overtaken, breaking in without ceremony on the attention of her fellow-pilgrims, however deeply they might appear wrapt in meditation.

On their arrival at Einsiedeln, nothing could exceed Joanna's delight at the picturesque multitude that filled the square behind the huge convent and its gorgeous church. There were thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Switzerland, habited in the various costumes of the several cantons, among whom the females of Lucerne were distinguished by their superior beauty, both of person and dress. There were booths filled with glittering religious ornaments, gold and silver crosses and crucifixes, beads of all colours and materials, waxen images sparkling with tinsel dresses, gilded missals, saints carved in ivory or bone, painted prints of cherubim and seraphim, and crowds of devotees murmuring about them, intermingled with the curious, the idle, the amorous, the grotesque,

young and old of many nations, altogether dazzling and confusing the roving eyes of Joanna.

Among the thousands whom piety or curiosity had thus collected, not only from all parts of Switzerland, but from distant countries, her looks would occasionally follow with more prolonged interest some group of German students, who were to be seen here in considerable numbers, and might readily be distinguished by their high-crowned broad-brimmed straw hats, open shirts, and bare necks. They strutted about with rather an affected air of fierceness, and many of them were handsome youths.

Joanna, all light-hearted as she was, half envied the lovely Lucernoises, with their fine faces shaded by large flat hats streaming with a profusion of particoloured ribbons, and their graceful shapes set off by a richly embroidered costume, when she observed how much they seemed to attract the notice of those vapouring young Germans.

One of the German youths in particular, the only one who did not stare at the Lucernoises, found favour in Joanna's eyes, but merely for a

moment. He was a very pallid and very interesting-looking person, of a countenance more thoughtful and less assuming than those of his companions; but his eyes had a peculiarly earnest and brilliant expression. Joanna drew her sister's notice to him, and even Ignatia was struck with his physiognomy. But the youth, though he looked at them, was quite regardless of the sweetness with which they condescended to glance at him. He was evidently abstracted.

Joanna turned away peevishly and said, "Now that I have examined him again, I perceive that he is not worth looking at."

"How can you say that?" asked Ignatia; "I never saw so remarkable a countenance; but I am not sure, indeed, that it pleases me."

Ignatia continued to make the best of her way with her sister, who was guided almost unconsciously towards the church. At last the two damsels found themselves borne along into the interior of the building by a crowd of votaries, with whom they prostrated themselves before the far-famed shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits.

As the hour appointed for High Mass had

not yet arrived, Joanna then persuaded Ignatia to return into the square, which they effected with some difficulty. They had not been long winning their way from booth to booth, when the rattling of a cabriolet, and the press of the crowd to make room for it, drawing their attention, they discovered that it was no other than the antique vehicle of their family priest, Father Xavier, the imposer of Joanna's pedestrian penance ; and within it was the ponderous owner, accompanied by bashful Boyardo.

It immediately occurred to Joanna that she might play off a little moderate *tour* of revenge upon the worthy Father Confessor and his modest companion. She therefore kept her eye on the cabriolet till she saw it stop at the inn of the White Cross; and then she suggested to Ignatia the propriety of paying their respects to the Father before he entered the church. Ignatia was rather surprised at Joanna's thus courting the probability of a meeting with Monsieur Boyardo, after yesterday's adventure on the banks of the Linth. She, however, acquiesced.

After some little difficulty in getting through

the crowd assembled near the inn-door, they made good their entrance, and, turning into the first room they saw, they found themselves in the august presence of the hostess of the White Cross, who received them with a stateliness that implied a due sense of her great importance on that gala-day, and of the dignity of her head-dress, which was a huge white cocked-hat, of stiff plaited linen, worn on the very top of the head, over an expanse of powdered hair, and folded like the wings of a butterfly at roost on a full-blown white poppy. A long queue, formed of various flowers ingeniously knotted together like the tail of a boy's kite, flowed blooming down her back more than half-way to her heels.

She graciously complied with the desire of the young lady-peasants to be admitted to the priest of Mollis, and ordered a waiter, a French acquisition, of whom she was almost as proud as he was of himself, to show them the way. He bounded up a short flight of stairs, stood on the landing-place, chattering down civil encouragements at them to follow; and, when they had mounted, he invited them to do him the honour to enter a room, of which the door was open.

It was a large apartment, furnished with a few chairs, benches, and long tables, all of the commonest material, and full of persons of both sexes, as many of whom were taking refreshments as had been able to procure seats at the tables, while the rest were standing in groups and conversing with noisy animation.

The sisters hesitated, and Ignatia would have proposed a retreat from so numerous an assembly, whose eyes were all directed to them at once, when Joanna descried the Abbé, and exclaimed, joyfully, “ There he is, Ignatia !”

The priest greeted them with much cordiality. Monsieur Boyardo did not happen to be present when they entered; nor does it appear that he was yet aware that the young ladies had left Mollis, as he had not ventured to drop a syllable to any body which might lead to an explanation of the reason of their having assumed peasants’ dresses the day before.

“ I trust, daughter Joanna,” said the priest, now adopting a grave air, “ that you have atoned by this devout pilgrimage for all your offences, levities, irregular desires, and inconsideration.”

“ Really, my ghostly father,” replied his fair penitent, “ I have a scruple: I fear that my pilgrimage has not been conducted with all the requisite decorum. The angel of evil put many idle vagaries into my imagination yesterday, and I shall not think that I have accomplished the good work of penance, unless I mortify my love of ease by going home on foot, instead of returning with my sister, as it has been arranged, in the carriage of my aunt Beyer, who is, or will be, here. As, however, the ascent to Mount Etzel is very toilsome to a female so little accustomed as myself to walking pilgrimages, and might endanger my health after yesterday’s fatigue, I pray your indulgence so far as that you will allow me the use of your cabriolet only that one league, as I know it is your annual custom to accompany the procession of the fathers of Saint Meinrad’s chapel on foot after High Mass on their return to Mount Etzel. I shall then be seven leagues from home, where, with the blessing of Our Lady of the Hermits and your fatherly prayers, I hope to arrive in good time.”

“My daughter,” replied the priest, “you have spoken well. Monsieur Boyardo, our sedate young friend, whose horse I have borrowed to-day, shall take you in my cabriolet as far as the inn on Mount Etzel; after which you may wait to join some of the many pious females who are here from Mollis. The company of inferiors of your own sex will at once be a protection and a graceful act of humility on your part. You may set out immediately after High Mass, my daughter.”

“Thanks, good father,” rejoined Joanna, “but I have yet a scruple. Though I long to be present at the splendid sacrifice, I feel that I am unworthy to be its witness. I would therefore perform a further act of mortification, by absenting myself from it, and returning at once to Mount Etzel, there to wait for the worthy company that you recommend. The good-nature of the discreet Monsieur Boyardo will not, I am sure, let him refuse me the kindness of escorting me to the mount immediately, though it will prevent his attending at the celebration of High Mass.”

“Truly, my good daughter,” said the priest, “your sudden piety is edifying, and can be nothing less than a miracle worked through the grace of the penance I imposed upon you for the redemption of your soul from the father of de-ceits. Let it be, then, as you desire, if I can gain Monsieur Boyardo’s consent to the arrange-ment.”

“Leave that trouble to me, sir,” said Joanna, and then whispered to Ignatia, “Do not look so grave and so perplexed, my dear little sister saint: I am not going to lay siege to the heart of your bashful Boyardo; and if I were, you have so many lovers, that you might spare me one.”

Ignatia, indeed, was not quite at ease, and did not know what to make of the matter; but Joanna lost no time in sending a message for Monsieur Boyardo, who was in the stable seeing his horse fed, and who was glad to escape, at any rate, from the confusion with which he felt over-whelmed on coming into the room, as he thought at the priest’s summons only, and finding there the two ladies whom he most dreaded to en-counter together.

He no sooner was made to comprehend the proposed arrangement, than he readily consented to give his service, inwardly congratulating himself on making his peace so cheaply; and away he went with his pilgrim-naïad as speedily as possible. But scarcely had they got out of Einsiedeln, before Joanna told him that it would be a shocking cruelty to distress the horse unnecessarily, and that, as the way was all up hill, he must get down and walk. The obedient Boyardo somewhat unwillingly descended, having committed the reins and whip into her hands, and Joanna took care to keep the horse at the stretch of his walk, sometimes pushing him to an amble, so that it was much as bashful Boyardo could do to keep up. With a red-hot face and exhausted lungs, he at length beheld the inn of Mount Etzel, and was about to hand his fair charge out of the cabriolet, when she adroitly laid the whip on the horse's back, which set him off at a good round trot, leaving Boyardo rooted to the spot, gaping after her in speechless amazement.

Joanna took his astonishment for granted,

and was too busy in urging the horse onward to turn her head to look after him.

“ O’er rough and smooth she whips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song,
That whistles in the wind.”

The song she sung, or rather chanted, was not locally inappropriate. It was

The Legend of Saint Meinrad.

Beside the Lake of Wallenstadt
I saw a damsel fair and young ;
Beneath an ash-crowned rock she sate,
And thus the Maid of Glaris sung.

On Etzel’s Mount Saint Meinrad’s hands
His hut remotely reared,
Where now the painted chapel stands
That bears his name revered.

In vain he made that lonely peak
His home among the clouds ;
Rude Etzel’s Mount, so bare and bleak,
Was soon the goal of crowds.

Repentant sinners thither came,
His blessing to implore ;
He blessed them in his Master’s name,
And bade them sin no more.

Nor dead to Nature's yearnings then
With mortals he conferred ;
The voice and social helps of men
His human feelings stirred.

Yet, having vowed to stand apart,
Unpropped by human aids,
He plunged into the deeper heart
Of black Einsiedeln's shades.

And there again his patient hands
An humble dwelling raised,
Where now Our Lady's Chapel stands :
(Her holy name be praised !)

A sparkling well refreshed the place
Where shines her altar now ;
(Whose pure unfailing fount of grace
Rewards the pilgrim's vow.)

That crystal spring his drink supplied ;
Its cresses were his food,
With berries that the mountains hide,
And fruits unsunned and crude.

Saint Meinrad knelt, one early morn,
Beside the crystal fount ;
He heard a raven's croak forlorn
Each pater-noster count.

He heard a raven's dismal cry
At every bead he told ;
“ Now, God be praised ! for I shall die,”
Said he, “ ere I grow old.”

He looked about, nor long he searched,
Making the Cross's Sign,
Before he saw two ravens, perched
Above him on a pine.

Saint Meinrad knelt upon the floor
That eve within his cell,
When angry sounds besieged his door ;
He knew their meaning well.

He crossed his breast and thanked the Lord
Who died upon the Rood ;
He calmly then the door unbarred,
And there two ruffians stood.

They rushed upon the sacred man,
Who meekly met his doom ;
About the floor his life-blood ran,
Exhaling sweet perfume.

A golden chalice (used to hold
The host, the spirit's health)
They seized, and crucifix of gold,
Their victim's only wealth.

The ravens came and flapped their wings
O'er each assassin's head ;
Then, struck with inward shudderings,
The ghastly wretches fled.

In vain they fled to caverned rocks,
And sought the loneliest gulf
Where, ever, crouched the nursing fox,
Or lurked the grim she-wolf.

In vain the white-furred mountain-hare
They startled in their flight,
And roused the chamois from his lair
On Schindeleggi's height.

In vain they tried the otter's den,
By watery Richterswyl ;
Or hollow trees in Teuffel's glen,
Among the owls so shrill.

Aye followed by those ravens twain,
Bewildered with heav'n's wrath,
To right, to left, they turned in vain ;
The ravens crossed their path.

They crossed them with denouncing shrieks ;
They doomed them with their eye ;
Their feathers brushed their bloodless cheeks,
So closely swooped they by.

In vain they left those wild retreats,
And tried the peopled town;
Through all the throng of Zurich's streets
The ravens chased them down.

They flew at them with piercing shrieks,
They tore them with their claws,
They bit them with their horny beaks,
Till they confessed the cause;

Till they confessed their mortal guilt,
And, guarded, forth were led;
And for the saintly blood they spilt
The cruel ruffians bled.

When she thought herself beyond the risk of being overtaken if pursued, she slackened her pace, and jogged carelessly on till she passed the village of Galganen, and came to a lone cottage, where an old man lived who had formerly been for many years her father's servant; and him she now designed to employ as her charioteer for the rest of the way to Mollis. He was sunning himself, seated on a bench at his own door; and right gladly he heard the voice of his wild young mistress: but it was a long time before he could understand what was required of him; for, with

all his experience of the maiden's pranks, he could not at all guess how she happened to be in such rude attire, and sole occupant of a cabriolet ; and she took no pains to enlighten him, but rather puzzled him the more by her careless and impatient answers to his questions.

“ Be quick, be quick,” she said at last ; “ I will tell you all about it as we go along.”

Vainly did the old man request her to alight, and let him refresh the horse ; pleading, too, that all his household, like the rest of the world on that day, were gone to Einsiedeln, and that he could not well leave the place till some of them returned. Joanna had her own reasons for not desiring to wait for back-comers from Einsiedeln, and was insisting, with all her pretty imperiousness, on his immediate obedience, when she was startled by the appearance, from within the house, of a third person, who took his stand at the door, and gazed at her as a devotee might gaze on a Madonna, so respectful, though so fixed, was his look.

Hitherto little has been said of the features of Joanna, which were really uncommonly lovely ;

her form, too, was full of beauty, but somewhat stately and majestic. Yet was her beauty nothing compared with that of the man who thus strangely appeared before her. She felt at once that it was so, and was humbled in his presence, in spite of his deferential look, which reminded her of some archangel that she had seen in a dream. It was several moments before she regained her self-possession, but she then said :

“ Pierre, I thought you told me that you were alone here.”

“ Not so,” said Pierre. “ I told you that all my people, Janette, and Prudence, and little Jules, were gone to the festival ; but, as to this gentleman, he is a wayfarer, who has done me the favour to rest an hour under my roof, and who is going, as you are, quite the other way.”

“ I am going through Mollis,” interrupted the stranger, addressing Pierre ; “ and, as it seems a little inconvenient to you, my old friend, to leave home, I should be too happy if the lady would condescend to accept my service.”

Pierre stared, and seemed bewildered. Any young lady but Joanna would have been alarmed

by such a proposition from a stranger ; but her courage was restored ; the tone of the man's voice was as satisfactory to her as his manner : and his marvellous comeliness had highly excited her curiosity.

“ Pierre,” said she, “ he addressed you as an old friend : you are, then, acquainted with this gentleman.”

“ I have seen him before,” answered Pierre.

“ But do you know him well enough to recommend him as your substitute on this occasion, for my arms are dropping off with weariness.”

“ Oh, yes,” replied the stupid old man, “ he understands horses, and will take you very safely without asking you to show him the way.”

“ Well, then, since he is so good—”

Very little more was said : the stranger took the reins, and mounted. Joanna almost hid herself in the left corner of the carriage ; and the driver performed his part with a quiet, steady hand, without ever turning his head, or addressing one syllable to the young lady, who sate wondering at her own position, now half-frightened at her

temerity, now inclined to laugh, and now again checked into a softer mood of seriousness, as she glanced at the exquisite outline of the stranger's profile. Then she was half provoked at his not looking at her at all : it was strange, as he had gazed at her so intently at first.

They had almost arrived at Mollis, when the driver, for the first time since he had assumed his office, turned to her and asked her further pleasure, now that they were so near the town. He might have supposed, perhaps, that she would prefer that he should quit her there, and so avoid any inquiry or remark upon his presence in her company. Perhaps, too, she understood his question in that sense, and did, for an instant, wish to dismiss him thus, and so escape one, and that the gravest, of the inconveniences of her preposterous conduct. But Joanna, with all her heedlessness, was not without moral firmness and dignity of feeling : after the shortest consideration, she resolved on the correct course, and said hastily, and with a decision that would have seemed free from embarrassment but for her deep blush,

“No, no ; be so good, sir, as to drive on to—my father’s—I will point out the house.”

He smiled, as if in approval of her direction, and proceeded ; and presently, at her signal, he stopped before a handsome detached dwelling in the suburbs of the town.

The arrival of a carriage had attracted the notice of a servant, who hastened out immediately. He recognized the cabriolet of the venerable parish priest, and was in much wonderment at beholding one of his young mistresses with a person whom he had never seen before, and who was quite unlike a priest, and was a very much handsomer young gentleman than he had ever seen at Mollis or any where else.

Joanna requested the stranger to wait for a few moments, that she might explain her obligation to him to her father, who would, undoubtedly, hasten to offer his thanks. But this he declined with the most delicate politeness, (so, at least, thought the young lady) and, alighting, he handed her out, while the servant stood at the horse’s head. He then took off his cap, made his bow, “shook his ambrosial curls,” and de-

parted, stick in hand and wallet on back, like a heathen god in disguise.

Here was a difficulty considerably lessened for Joanna. The introduction of the stranger would have been perplexing; the singularity of his beauty and the nobleness of his air might have induced a suspicion that there was something more than mere whim in her frolics of the morning, and that it was something more than chance that led to such a result of a penitential pilgrimage as her return home in so unusual a manner, and in such remarkable company.

Joanna was, as yet, too quick of impulse to have much forethought, but she was by no means incapable of afterthought. The greatest of all her many follies of this day had been the last: and, during the drive from Galganen, she feared that she had committed herself beyond the patience, and possibly the confidence, of the most indulgent of fathers. But the considerate stranger had delivered her from the worst part of the difficulty: he had disappeared. She had only now to tell her father, after relating her previous delinquencies, for which she was sure

of forgiveness (if not of encouragement, which was more probable, for she was his spoiled child) that their quondam servitor, old Pierre, being unable to leave his home, had provided a person known to him to protect her. Here were no maiden aunts to encounter, no elderly inquisitive female cousins: her sole aunt, Madame Beyer, who also resided near Mollis, was absent, as we have seen, at Einsiedeln.

Monsieur Hoffmann had been many years a widower, so that his two girls could hardly be said to have ever had the advantage of a mother's care. Ignatia was two-and-twenty, and Joanna nineteen; and they had been for some time emancipated from the superintendence of a governess. They had a brother twenty-four years of age, a lieutenant in the French army, into which he had been introduced as a conscript at eighteen. He was now in Germany.

The coast was pretty clear, then, for Joanna, who lost no time in repairing to Monsieur Hoffmann's study, and presenting herself before her parent.

“What! back already? very good; where

are the rest?" and he gave her a cordial kiss of welcome.

"I am come back alone, father."

"Alone! how? why? what does this mean? what is the matter?"

"Do not be uneasy, dear father; there is nothing the matter; all is well; listen, for I have a long story, or rather many little stories, to tell you; and I am half ashamed, but I know you will forgive me."

"I will forgive you any thing but a long story."

"Well, then, I will make it short."

Here she gave a rapid sketch of her odd proceedings; and by the time she had got to Galganen, Monsieur Hoffmann was in an ecstasy of delight, though he had often tried to look wise and severe, as she lightly and vividly enumerated her fooleries. At Galganen her fluency seemed to fail her; but she shuffled over that delicate ground, and fairly landed herself at home.

Monsieur Hoffmann, though in the main a good, easy man, as well as somewhat of an oddity, and not over-tenacious of forms, was no fool,

He had observed his daughter's embarrassment when she entered on the subject of this new acquaintance, whom she had so conveniently found at Galganen, and so unceremoniously accepted as her escort to Mollis; and he thought she might have done well enough without him; and this was just the only part of the story that seemed to him rather beyond a joke.

"Where is this person, Joanna?" said he.
"Is he in the kitchen?"

"Oh dear no, sir," she replied quickly; "in the kitchen! what should he do there?"

"Why, as he was Pierre's substitute, I should have supposed that to be the proper place for him."

"My dear father, you would not have thought so if you had seen him."

"How, then, is he a gentleman?"

"No doubt whatever of that."

"What is he like? how was he dressed?"

"Oh, I do not judge by his dress," returned Joanna, "for that was simple enough: and he carried," she added with some hesitation, "the rest of his travelling wardrobe, I suppose, in a bag suspended on a stick over his shoulder."

“ Oh, a German student, no doubt, or an artist. But where is he? You quite forgot yourself when you accepted him as your escort. I ought, in common courtesy, to say something to him in acknowledgment of his civility, though I wish you had not accepted it.”

Joanna explained how he had declined troubling him, and had gone away.

“ He is gone to the inn to get his dinner. You must wait your's, poor child. I will see after him by-and-bye,” observed Monsieur Hoffmann, hastening to ring the bell, and to order food to be got ready. “ Now, go, my dear unwise child, and change your dress.”

Joanna was well pleased to obey his bidding; and, in little more than half an hour, she came down to the eating-room, where she found her father, who had dined long before, and who now walked about the room in a silent reverie.

When she had dined, and the servant had withdrawn, he sat down, and was still silent. Joanna was not as courageous as usual; she was uneasy at her father's taciturnity; yet it was a

good while before she ventured to say, "Father, you are very angry with me."

"Angry! not at all, child," said Monsieur Hoffman; "but the strange gentleman treated you with respect, you say?"

"With perfect respect: why should he not?"

"Your dress—he could not have known that you were a gentleman's daughter—our friend the Abbé Xavier was an ass to prescribe such a penance and such a costume, to a daughter of mine."

"Oh, as to that," replied Joanna, "the stranger could be under no mistake, for he heard my conversation with Pierre, which must have convinced him that I was in masquerade. Besides, I do not think that he is a sort of person who would have been impertinent, even if he had mistaken me for a country girl. Bashful Boyardo, indeed, might have had less scruple."

"Never mind *him*," said Monsieur Hoffmann. "But this strange gentleman—what did he say to you?"

"He uttered not one word but what I have told you."

“Is that true?” inquired Monsieur Hoffmann, looking keenly at his daughter.

“Quite true,” answered Joanna; and her ingenuous countenance made it impossible to doubt her.

“Well, he is a gentleman then,” said Monsieur Hoffmann.

“I told you so,” rejoined the young lady rather too eagerly; “but you said, sir, that you would go and inquire for him at the inn, and thank him.”

“I have done so,” said the father. Joanna was surprised: a pause ensued. “Did you see him, sir?”

This question was put with less indifference than she intended.

“Yes,” said the father, drily; “and he is a very fine young man.”

Joanna blushed, and asked no more questions.

After a further hour or two, Madame Beyer and her niece, Ignatia, returned, and were much entertained, though a little shocked, by the comical conclusion of Joanna’s pilgrimage, as related by Monsieur Hoffmann, who, however,

to Joanna's relief, omitted all mention of Pierre's deputy-driver of the priest's cabriolet from Gai-ganen.

Several of their neighbours also, who had been invited, arrived, on their return from the festival. These were, for the most part, too much occupied with recitals, mutually interrupted, of their own adventures and observations at Einsiedeln to interrogate Joanna about her's, as they were not yet aware of anything particular in her day's history. But the entrance of the Abbé Xavier was to produce the effect of silencing for a while all tongues but his, of opening all ears, and of directing all eyes to himself and her.

It was rather late in the evening, and long after it was dark, that he was announced. He came in, bursting with ire. After his leisurely, but to him weary, walk from Einsiedeln (for he was a corpulent unwieldly man) to the chapel and inn on Mount Etzel, he was informed of the abduction of his cabriolet, and learned that bashful Boyardo, having found it impossible to procure a horse on this busy day, had set out, sad and sullen, on his long walk home to Wasen. The

reverend confessor himself was obliged to trudge it on foot an additional league beyond Saint Meinrad's Chapel, till he succeeded in insinuating himself into the already over-crowded German waggon of a farmer, and, in that rugged machine, with his bones almost shaken out of their places, he made the rest of his miserable journey to Mollis.

As he was finishing his story with all the emphasis of passionate complaint,

“ Joanna, looking in his face, beheld
That ravishment of his, and laughed aloud.”

The mirth was contagious, and, in an instant, the good priest, instead of receiving the sympathy and condolence he expected, found himself surrounded by a party of laughers, whose peals of merriment were continued till he himself crowned the chorus by laughing more loudly than the rest.

A billet brought in by a servant, and placed in the hand of the Abbé, acted as a sedative on this hilarious excitement. He had no sooner put on his spectacles than the superscription pacified his risible muscles, and he gravely asked

leave to read the note; and, having read it, he made his bow and withdrew; soon after which the other visitors retired.

The Abbé went straight to the inn, and inquired for a stranger: there was but one in the house; the same to whom Monsieur Hoffmann had already paid his respects, more out of uneasy curiosity or misgiving, than from gratitude for the use of which he had been to his daughter.

The priest found the person he inquired for in a small saloon on the first floor. It was nearly eleven o'clock. At this quiet place the inn would have been closed much earlier on almost any other night than that of the festival at Einsiedeln.

The landlord sent all his people to rest at midnight, three hours later than usual; and, at two o'clock in the morning, he was drowsily wondering how much longer he was to be kept out of bed by the Abbé Xavier, who had been closeted for so many hours with the stranger up stairs.

His wonder took another turn, when a sharp knocking at the street-door was followed by a loud summons to open to the police. The priest turned pale at the sound, but the stranger smiled.

“ These are not expert fowlers,” said he ;
“ they give the bird notice : good bye ; we shall soon meet again.”

“ My dear Dion,” whispered the priest, embracing him.

“ No time for words ; go home,” said the stranger, hastily disengaging himself, rushing down stairs, dashing out the light from the hand of the dismayed landlord, and then, effecting in two moments what his host had been two minutes thinking of doing, he unbarred the door, and threw it wide open. What next ? he knocked down the first obstacle he met, which was one of the gens-d’armes, and escaped ; but in what direction, it was not possible for the astonished officials to guess, for his step was light, and the air was pitch-dark.

After a short and fruitless chase, probably in the wrong track, they returned to the inn to question the landlord, who was now surrounded by his half-dressed and frightened family. He had not much to tell, and referred the policemen to his reverence, who had likewise come down stairs.

The Abbé, who had recovered some degree of composure, said, first premising that he was under no obligation to answer any of their questions, that it would give him great pleasure to furnish the little explanation he could ; which was merely that he had been that night called away from the house of Monsieur Hoffmann by a note requesting him to visit a stranger at the inn ; that he had found what appeared to him to be a very peaceable and pious young man ; that he had confessed him at his request, as he said he was going away next day on a perilous chamois-hunt ; and that he was just concluding an encouraging exhortation and valediction, when those messieurs of the police did him the displeasure to interrupt him.

“Moreover,” said he, looking with a patronizing air first at the discontented host and then at the dissatisfied police, “there is one thing that still more induces me to think well of this young man. He voluntarily handed over to me these two gold coins for the poor of my parish, or any other good purpose. Now, as he had no time to call for his bill, and will probably not return

to settle it, I think I cannot do better than bestow one of these pieces of money on our worthy host, who has sate up for me rather beyond bedtime ; and as to the other piece, it will pay for the refreshment of these gentlemen who have had so much trouble in frightening away that worthy young man."

Having said this, he delivered two pieces of gold to the now well pleased landlord : and took his leave with many polite bows.

The priest's story was very improbable, but the gens-d'armes had no authority to detain him, and so they were content to enjoy themselves at free quarters, according to his arrangement, till daylight should assist their search after the fugitive, who was still nearer to them than they imagined.

The priest had reached his own door, and was feeling in his pocket for its key, when the blood was sent tingling to his brain by a touch on his arm, and a whisper.

"Here I am ! now open your door."

"What rashness !" thought the Abbé ; but it was no time for remonstrance, and in they went.

He closed the door and barred it, left his friend in the passage, and walked into the kitchen to rouse his housekeeper, who after a long vigil had fallen fast asleep in a chair, near the excellent little messes that she had prepared for her master's supper.

A few words of direction and a strong caution were enough to disentangle the dame's faculties from the confusion of sleep ; and a delicate supper was soon set before the Abbé and his guest. But the poor burly old priest was fairly worn out, and had hardly spirit enough left, now that he was at last at home, and within hail of his comfortable couch, to expostulate with his friend as to the danger of his situation.

"Fear nothing," said the latter ; "those methodical blunderers will never think of looking for me here. You are tired to death : so am I : let us go to bed."

The priest gladly led the way to the stranger's apartment, which was within his own ; wished him good night, told him to lock his door, and not disturb himself till he was called, but to drop out of the window and take to the hills if

he heard three taps at his door, or the warning word, "Advance."

"Nonsense, my worthy friend," said the stranger, "I am quite safe; I tell you those fools will not have the wit to look for me here. But I will attend to your injunctions in case of need. Good night."

The Abbé closed the door upon his guest, retreated as speedily as he could to his own bed, and was asleep in five minutes.

CHAPTER III.

I have a more than friend
Across the mountains dim ;
No other voice is soft to me,
Unless it nameth him.

MISS BARRETT.

THE old priest was no sluggard when duty or danger really demanded exertion ; three or four hours' sound sleep had been sufficient to remove the effect of eighteen or twenty hours' unusual fatigue and worry ; and, when the dame came to call him at a quarter before seven, he was quite ready to get up. She handed to him a cup of chocolate, according to custom, and then whispered significantly, but with self-possession, " There are two gens-d'armes at the door."

" What do they want ?" said the priest, low and quickly, widening his eyes.

“To speak with your reverence : if you will take my advice, you will let them come here at once.”

“You are right—let them come in—but wait—let me warn my neighbour.”

“Not for the world,” said the dame, whose wits were more acute than her master’s on this emergency : “there is a third fellow loitering at the garden-gate.”

As she said this, she hung her master’s cloak on a peg over the door that gave access to the next room, and she thus concealed the communication. She then invited the two gens-d’armes into her master’s chamber, telling them that he was not yet out of bed, but that he would see them.

They were very civil ; only advanced into the room far enough to see him, as he sate up in his bed, sipping his chocolate ; made apology for disturbing him, owned that they had no right to intrude upon him, but requested that he would permit them to examine the house for form’s sake. They were sure, they said, that the individual whom they sought was not there, but, as he

had been last seen with his reverence at the inn, they might be reprimanded, if they did not search his dwelling, before they looked elsewhere.

“Gentlemen,” said the Abbé, “what you have said is very judicious: I must pray you to excuse my not attending you, for you see that I am in bed; but my servant will show you the house. Dorcas, let these gentlemen examine whatever apartments they please.”

Dorcas shut her master’s bed-room door, and conducted them over the rest of the building. They were not very exact in their search, for, in truth, they had little or no suspicion; though the old priest lay quaking in his bed, lest they should return, to make a closer inspection of that side of his residence.

When, at Dorcas’s officious, indignant, yet not insulting importunity, (for she played her part admirably,) they had seen every room and closet, except the room that contained the person they sought, the dame said to them:

“Will it now please you, gentlemen, to examine the stable?” though she knew that they had gone thither first.

“ Thank you,” said one of the men, “ we have already done that, and we have also seen his reverence’s stable-boy, as well as his horse ; and, from the lad’s answers to our questions, it was quite clear to us that he knew nothing about the person we want, and the fact of our finding the horse in the stable proves that the Abbé has not favoured his escape. Indeed, we have no doubt about it ; and so, praying you to forgive all the trouble we have given, we wish you good day, madame.”

And they took off their cocked hats, again and again made their obeisances, and “ had the honour ” of saluting her, (in word only,) as if Dorcas had been a personage, and they then departed, very well contented with their own sagacity.

When Dorcas was satisfied that these unwelcome visitors were at a distance, she secured the door and prepared breakfast. In the meanwhile, the Abbé dressed himself, and then called upon his neighbour in the next room to get up, but received no answer : he called a little louder ; and then knocked ; still no answer. “ Oh, ho ! ”

he thought, "I fear the ferrets have made the cony bolt into the net; he has surely leaped out of the window, and possibly fallen into the hands of those prowling police."

This apprehension made suspense insupportable, and he hastened to force the door, which however, was not locked, so that the unresisted impetus of the strength that he applied to it not only opened the door, but caused him to topple head-foremost into his guest's room, and to measure his length on the floor with a noise that effectively roused the stranger, who snatched a dagger from under his pillow, jumped out of bed, and stood on the defensive.

The mistake was cleared up as soon as they looked at each other; but the Abbé, who was something bruised as well as shaken by his fall, could not refrain from muttering a reproach at the inattention to his recommendation that the door should be locked.

"I am truly sorry, Abbé, for my negligence, as it has produced this accident; but otherwise (and I hope you are not much hurt) you see there was no necessity whatever for your caution.

I was sure those dull hounds would never recover the scent."

"Were you so?" said the priest, chuckling; "then your confidence was more at fault than they were. But is it possible that you are not already aware that they have been here, close to you, in my room, and in every other room in the house but this, looking for you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! is it so, indeed? Well, I sleep soundly. But what stupid animals they must be, after all, to have hunted up, into the very covert, and missed their prey, when they were within two yards of him!"

"You seem to give very little credit, sir," said the Abbé, a little nettled, "to me and Dorcas, "for having outwitted these sharp fellows."

"True, true, my dear Abbé; but I am most grateful to you, as this embrace may testify; and I will kiss Dorcas the moment I see her."

"I beg you will let Dorcas alone, my brave Achaian," said the priest; "but finish your toilet, and come to breakfast."

"Leave me for half an hour, and I will be ready," said the stranger.

About an hour after this conversation, the Abbé and his guest had just finished their morning meal of mutton cutlets and a bottle of light Burgundy, when a knock at the house-door was again a subject for apprehension to the priest and his housekeeper, while the stranger composedly abided the result of Dorcas's look-out.

The housekeeper left them for a moment, and, having peeped through one of the front windows, returned and told her master that there were only Monsieur Hoffmann and his two daughters.

"Only !" muttered the Abbé ; " what shall we do ?" turning to the stranger.

" Let them in, by all means," answered the latter, with eager delight.

" What risks you run !" objected the priest, doubtingly ; " you will betray yourself, and compromise everybody."

" No such thing : fear nothing. Admit them, I entreat you."

The Abbé rose, and went to the door himself.

" This is an early visit, Monsieur l'Abbé," said Monsieur Hoffmann ; " but the curiosity

of these young ladies of mine was irrepressible ; there is a strange story in the town of your having been nearly murdered last night, at the inn, by a handsome young bandit, who had decoyed you from our house for the purpose of robbery, and of your having been rescued, just in time to save your life, by half-a-dozen valorous gend'armes, whom he contrived to run away from, and who have been looking for him ever since. But why should we stand all this while at the door ? Let us go in, and talk this strange affair over."

" Stop !" interposed the Abbé, still blocking the passage with his capacious person—" there may be danger. The bandit is there," pointing with his thumb over his left shoulder.

" Where ? What do you mean ?" demanded Monsieur Hoffmann.

" There ; here, in this house, in the back parlour !" replied the priest.

" Oh, heavens," exclaimed Ignatia, " let us begone, father !"

" Nonsense, sister, this must be a joke : let us go in, father," said Joanna, urgently ; but added

calmly, as if recollecting herself, “if Monsieur Xavier will be so good as to permit us.”

“Come, come, my friend, let us in,” said Monsieur Hoffmann. “What is all this nonsense?”

“Well,” replied his reverence, with a malicious smile, “be it as you will; but pray allow me to warn you all to make no exclamations; for it will not be prudent to invite attention from without. Be so good as to follow me. Dorcas, shut the door. There!” throwing open the door of the back parlour, “you behold the bandit! Do you believe me now?”

Great was the surprise of Monsieur Hoffmann; great was that of Ignatia, who was ready to sink with mingled terror and admiration; great was the emotion of Joanna, whose eye and cheek glowed with an admiration, in which there was no terror, but some joy.

There was a charm in the stranger’s countenance, which could disarm stronger prejudices than he had to encounter here, especially when he was in the mood to please, as he was now. There was a simplicity at once modest and

affable in his manner, too, which was irresistibly persuasive and ingratiating. Monsieur Hoffmann, in his short interview with him on the preceding night, when their conversation was merely that of compliment, had felt something of this, and had left him with a determination not to encourage any farther acquaintance between his daughter and a man who, though he travelled like any nameless vagabond, and probably was one, had a power of fascination about him, that might be the more dangerous to an inexperienced young person, because there was not the slightest perceptible trace of insidiousness or affectation in his deportment.

“ Sir,” said Monsieur Hoffmann, with an embarrassed address, “ my daughter and I have this most unexpected opportunity of again thanking you for your civility to her yesterday ; but really I could wish the circumstances under which we meet again were more favourable to you ; I could wish to serve you, if possible.”

“ Sir,” said the stranger, neither embarrassed nor offended, “ I am much obliged to you, but I have no occasion for any services which my

worthy host here is not able and willing to render me. We are old friends; let that be a guarantee to you, sir, and to your amiable daughter, that her respectability was in no way compromised by her acceptance of my assistance yesterday. That the police have been, and perhaps still are, in search of me, is an awkward fact, however. The truth is, then,—for I am sure you will receive my confidence honourably,—that, in travelling from the Jura on affairs of my own, it suited me to do so without troubling the authorities in the few towns through which I have passed with an examination of myself or my passport. Unluckily, near one of the frontier towns, but there only, attention was fixed on me; I was aware of it in time to move off, and those fellows, who followed me without at all knowing whom or what I am, would have overshot their mark, and have come on to Mollis, and left me safely harboured at old Pierre's, but that, seeing your young lady in a little difficulty for want of a person to conduct her cabriolet, I could not resist the temptation of volunteering to be her charioteer."

"So, then," cried Joanna, with a generous

impatience, "this gentleman, my dear father, is in danger on my account."

"Not at all in danger," said the priest's friend, with a most re-assuring benignity of smile ; and, after looking at her for a moment, he added, "in no danger from *them*, at least," with a tone as expressive of his flattering meaning to Joanna, as if he had quoted Romeo's

"Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords."

"Sir," said Mr. Hoffmann, "I am much troubled to think that you should be at all compromised by your civility to a member of my family, and I shall be most ready to assist, if I can, in extricating you from any difficulty in which you may be, taking it for granted, from your own appearance and the good-will shown you by Monsieur l'Abbé, that there is nothing discreditable to you in this mystery."

The stranger acknowledged this qualified courtesy by the slightest inclination of the head, at the same time carelessly and but for an instant withdrawing from his breast, and quickly concealing again, the decoration of the Cross of the

recently instituted Legion of Honour, or what was so much like it, that Monsieur Hoffmann's scruples were satisfied. The stranger then felt again and again in his breast, as if he missed something else that ought to be there; and, with an expression of great anxiety, he said that he had left something in his room which he had forgotten in the bustle in which he had been roused up, and that he would go and fetch it.

“Stay,” said the priest. “What is it?—it is safe enough—Dorcas shall fetch it.”

“Pardon me,” said the stranger, hurrying out of the room. As he was passing through Monsieur Xavier's bedroom, Dorcas came out of his, with a little portrait in her hand.

“Does this belong to you, sir?” she asked. “I found it under your pillow.”

“Yes, yes, it is mine,” said the stranger, and, eagerly taking it, he threw the gold cord attached to it over his neck, and concealed the picture in his breast.

“It is very like Mademoiselle Joanna Hoffmann,” said the old housekeeper.

“That must be your fancy,” said Dion, in

great confusion ; “ it cannot be; thank you, thank you,” and he went back to his friend’s as quickly as he came, leaving Dorcas to her meditations.

“ That is certainly,” said she to herself, “ a picture of Mademoiselle Joanna. Oh, oh ! this gay fly-about young gentleman drove her from Galganen too ! A very pretty arrangement, truly ! Think of that wild innocent young thing, playing such deep pranks as these already. I am quite ashamed of her. He is a very sweet young gentleman, to be sure. But who is he, and why all this closeness ? Well, well ; I shall take care that Monsieur Xavier knows all ; and he will be the best judge in the affair.”

On the stranger’s return to the parlour, Monsieur Hoffmann offered him the asylum of his house, to which he proposed to transfer him at dusk ; but he declined the invitation with all due acknowledgments, saying that he would be safer where he was, and again glancing at Joanna so as to make his meaning equivocal. Then, seeing that she appeared more disappointed than flattered, he added,—

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establishing in the breasts of the damsels such a permanent interest, in those few hours, as might cause and perpetuate future regrets; especially as his own presence would serve as a conductor to make the conversation pass off harmlessly, unless the man and his wit were more dangerous than lightning.

The priest, like an adroit tactician, kept visitors away from his house by sallying forth, and calling on his gossiping and curious neighbours, or stopping to talk to those whom he met in the streets; so that the whole town was soon in possession of the wonderful adventures that he chose to communicate, which, by his way of telling them, were no wonders at all, but quite commonplace accidents, and disappointing to the lovers of the wonderful, whose curiosity therefore subsided as quickly as it had been raised.

Dorcas, during the absence of her master, was cheerfully preparing one of her very best repasts, in order to do honour to his hospitality, and to secure credit for her own culinary skill. But these operations did not prevent her from frequently reconnoitring at the windows, lest any

of those detestable gens-d'armes should double back upon them, and surprise the interesting gentleman who had knocked one of them down over-night, and slept so soundly while they were in the house hunting for him that morning.

But there was no further alarm of the kind; the gentry in question, not over-anxious about the matter, after the first heat of vexation, had given up the pursuit, and gone back to the quarters from which they started, to give a favourable report of their cat-eyed quickness in having all but caught him in the dark.

He, in the mean time, was in much more agreeable company than their's. Never did day seem to pass more rapidly than that day both to him and his chance associates. When the priest came in to dinner, even Monsieur Hoffmann had not observed that it was so late, though there was a Genevan time-piece in the room: and when, long after that meal was over, the hour of six struck, Joanna exclaimed with a peevish simplicity, "That clock is striking every minute!"

These few words, thoughtlessly uttered, and simple as words could be, reached the heart of

the stranger. He never forgot them ; and no flattering speech was ever made to him afterwards, from any other female lip, that did not seem to him, as compared with that exclamation, a mere artifice of compliment.

Joanna's impatience of the hurry of the clock was not lost upon the rest of the party. Ignatia blushed, and in that blush Joanna read the interpretation of her own words, which made her blush too. The old priest looked gravely but kindly at her ; and Monsieur Hoffmann rose after a reverie of a full minute, and said, " Yes, yes, it is time for us to go ?"

" It is time too for me to go," said the stranger, also rising : then, observing the disappointed expression of Joanna's guileless countenance, he added, turning to the rest, " but I shall soon return. Farewell, sir ; may you and these young ladies be always as happy as you have made me by your company to-day ! I hope it will not be long before I shall be permitted to enjoy it again."

He bowed his adieus, embraced the Abbé, and had already left the room while Monsieur Hoffmann was remonstrating : " But stop, but stop,

sir ; it is not yet dusk—you will be seen—you are not safe.”

Before Monsieur Hoffmann and his daughters could recover from the dreamlike suddenness of his disappearance, he had already taken leave of Dorcas, fastened to his back the leathern wallet which the Abbé had brought away from the inn, and proceeded on his journey, none but himself knew whither, except perhaps the priest.

CHAPTER IV.

He came, *he* is gone ; we have met,
And shall meet perhaps never again ;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.

COWPER.

By tracks which were for the most part out of the ordinary course of travellers, and which he had his own reasons for preferring to the less unfrequented paths, the stranger worked his eccentric way towards Constance. Expert mountaineer though he was, and provided with a faithful pocket-compass, he was often bewildered, and compelled to obtain information, and sometimes even to hire a guide.

On the first night he had proceeded but a very short way, and reposed undisturbed in an empty chalet on the mountains. Not till the third evening after that night did he find himself within

half a league of the place to which he was going. He sat down to rest on a height that commanded a view of the fortified city of Constance and its immense lake, or rather double lake, Zeller Zee, with its one island, Reichenau, of yore the holy, and Boden Zee, with its single island, Maynau. The view itself, a north-western prospect, to eyes familiar with the grander Alpine features, was by no means strikingly fine, but the sunset, which chanced to be one of the most gorgeous, lent to that immense sheet of water, and its comparatively tame borders, an effect truly magical.

The stranger mused as he looked upon it, and said, “When shall the sun of the oppressor of nations go down? When it does, its setting will be redder than that; but not so glorious.”

His own voice admonished him, and he looked round, as if the rocks had ears.

He proceeded on his way, and soon presented himself without embarrassment at a gate of the city. He was keenly looked at; his passport and description were examined and compared; he was asked to what house he was going; he answered

to the inn, called the Pike, (Le Prochet,) and was allowed to pass, leaving his passport.

His first inquiry on his arrival at the inn was for the house of a gentleman who was one of the chief authorities of the place, and whom we will call the Baron. It was pointed out to him, on which, without disencumbering himself of his wallet, but having ordered a bed, he went to the Baron's residence immediately, and was closeted with him for two or three hours—but not with him alone. A young gentleman, apparently a German student, was present.

“Well, you are come at last,” observed the Baron, after the first salutations were exchanged; “I have been expecting you for some days.”

“You well know, Baron, that punctuality, however desirable, is not always possible,” replied the stranger, ceremoniously, and then looking at the younger German with distrust, and from him again to the Baron inquisitively.

“Do not fear to speak out,” said the latter, “before this young gentleman; he is a distant relative of mine, a native of Upper Saxony, who

has been with some Heidelberg students to the Festival at Einsiedeln, and is now on his return home, and then to his own university. Bonaparte had not, eighteen months ago, a greater admirer : to-day he has not a more vehement enemy in the German Empire than this youth. Detestation of the tyrant is the passion of his soul, and, like woman's love turned to hatred, you may trust it for mischief. So you may confide in him, as safely as in me."

The stranger, while attentively listening to the Baron, was as studiously watching the intellectual and earnest countenance of the youth thus spoken of, whose looks seemed to ratify what was said of him, except that, at the last observation, a slight smile, bordering on something very like a sneer, quivered on his lips.

The youth rose, and said, "I will leave you together, gentlemen ; it is but right that I should go."

In saying this, he contrived, by passing behind the Baron's chair, to be unperceived by him, while by a gesture he seemed to warn the stranger to beware of the said Baron.

The stranger was exceedingly surprised ; and, not knowing whether to be suspicious of one or both, resolved at once to be doubly circumspect. But, anxious to conceal his doubts, he requested the youth to be seated, protesting that he required no better surety than the Baron's word for the honour of the young gentleman. Here again the latter cast a dissentient look on the stranger, but returned to his seat without further pressing ; he had, however, somewhat altered the position of his chair, so as to be enabled to make signs to the stranger, unobserved by the Baron.

“You are right : fear nothing,” said the latter ; “but you were going to tell me why you were so long in coming, Monsieur Dion.”

The stranger, whom we will henceforward call by the name whereby he was thus addressed, answered :—

“I was almost hindered coming at all. Near a town that I was avoiding on the frontier, I was challenged by one of the everlasting police. As he was alone, I thought it most convenient to throw him on his back, and get away ; but this

obliged me to alter my route ; and, even so, it was with the utmost difficulty that I escaped. The fellow, of course, soon gave the alarm. I was hunted with more or less zeal from covert to covert, and was at last as nearly as possible caught in a little town of Glaris, where, however, we have a friend who helped me out of the scrape. No doubt some of my pursuers are enemies of the tyrant, like ourselves, or they would not have given me so much law as they often did."

"You have thrown them out cleverly," said the Baron, embracing him : "but what news do you bring ?"

Dion answered ; "The Invisible Man, who sees and hears everything, commissioned me to tell you and others, that the great enemy has summoned the Czar to meet him at Erfurt. He is probably on his way by this time."

"Do you know what road he takes ?"

"No ; there is no intention of intercepting him ; but, after giving you this information, I am to proceed to a conference with other friends of the Dispossessed."

"Where ?" inquired the Baron.

The young Saxon warned him not to tell, by putting his fore-finger to his lips.

Dion answered ; “ At Schaffhausen ; and then I return to the Jura.”

“ When do you leave us ?”

“ As soon as possible. To-morrow night. But I will see you in the morning, and you will help me to get clear.”

“ Certainly,” said the Baron. “ We will now go to supper.”

The three persons supped together ; and, when Dion took leave of the Baron, the young Saxon said he would accompany him to his inn. Dion assented, not knowing what to make of him.

When they had proceeded a few paces, the youth, taking his arm, said, “ This is your way ;” moving as if to turn down a narrow street.

“ Surely not,” objected Dion ; “ the inn is yonder.”

“ You must not go to the inn,” said the youth ; “ that worthy Baron is in the pay of Bonaparte, at the same time that he is an agent of the French Royalists. I warned you not to tell him where you were going to ; but you disregarded or did

not understand my signal. But come with me ; I must hide you if I can."

"No, sir," said Dion, "we are not sufficiently acquainted."

"Well, your fear of treachery is but reasonable. But how will you proceed ? you surely will not go to the inn. If you do, instead of receiving your passport to-morrow, you will be dragged away to prison, and the Baron will pretend to be quite innocent of your misfortune."

"Sir," replied Dion, "what you say, may be said very sincerely ; but I have no warrant for trusting you. I insist that you leave me, and let me take my own course."

"I will obey you," said the youth ; "but let me solemnly charge you to quit this place without delay, and to go in any direction whatever, except that which you have indicated to the Baron as your intended course. One question, only, I beg you to answer me ; is it true that the French Emperor is on his way to Erfurt ?"

"That is quite true, according to my information."

"Good night, then, sir ; but beware of the Baron."

The youth walked away, and Dion stood still, watching him till he was out of sight. He then retreated as fast as he could, in excessive perplexity; yet feeling less mistrust of the young man, whose manner bore the impress of sincerity, than of the elder. But he had trusted neither, and had given a false route. His mission—after a more confidential communication to certain Royalists, through their agent the Baron, than circumstances had permitted him to make—was to the Tyrol. He was now thrown on his wits to make his way thither, but not without a passport: he had another in reserve. The danger was probably imminent.

He walked to the lake side, and concealed himself in a shed; where, overdone with exercise and excitement, he slept for two or three hours. A little before daybreak he was awakened by the sound of several voices. He was well acquainted with the German language, and soon discovered that the conversation proceeded from a crew of men who were about to unmoor their boat. He determined to wait till they were ready, and try his chance of getting away with

them. They were slow in their movements, and the day dawned before they began to put off. He quitted his shelter unobserved, and suddenly appearing among them, said, "I am but just in time—the lazy fellow at the inn called me half an hour too late." Saying this, and having carelessly perused the craft's name, as announced in large characters on her stern, he stepped without ceremony on the deck of the *Swallow*, of Roshach, whose appearance ludicrously belied her name, for she was a clumsy barge, heavily laden.

"How soon shall we get to Roshach?" he inquired.

"Oh, in three or four hours," answered as many of the crew, in a breath; and since several peasants, who were passengers, seemed to confirm that assurance, he thought it not unlikely that the boat might reach its destination in at least five or six hours. He soon found out his mistake. It was three hours performing less than two leagues, and then the boatmen all went ashore to drink cider in a public-house. The passengers did the same; and Dion, after waiting thirty or forty minutes, and perceiving that

they only laughed, though with good humour, at his expostulations, and calculating that he could walk faster than the *Swallow* would fly, took leave of the boat-master, shouldered his knapsack, and marched off.

As he strolled along for two leagues through a pleasant country of orchards and vines, he breakfasted at free cost on the grapes that hung in tempting clusters by the road-sides, now and then indulging himself with an apple by way of variety.

On arriving at a village, he found he had yet four leagues to go; these he accomplished in about two hours and a half, in a vehicle which he there hired to take him to Roshach, where he alighted at the Crown Inn, rather curious to know whether he had won the race against the *Swallow*. He was told that the boat was not even due till the next day, because it stopped at several places as it coasted along.

He described himself to the landlady as a person travelling in that grand country from curiosity, and, to confirm his statement, he readily acted on her recommendation, that he should ascend to

the top of their mountain, the Rosbuchel. A very leisurely walk of an hour and three quarters brought him to the summit, and, after having been amply compensated for his pains by one of the grandest prospects in the Alps, in weather most favourable, he returned in little more than half the time, with the appetite of a mountain wolf. But he found himself excellently provided for at the Crown Inn, and was glad to retire early to rest, and to assure himself of a long night's repose after all his fatigues.

He slept later than he intended, and was dressing at his window which overlooked the lake, when he descried the Swallow, sailing with German gravity towards the little pier of Roshach. It was near seven o'clock, so that the boat's promised voyage of three or four hours had been accomplished in about five-and-twenty.

While he was at breakfast, the civil landlady came to tell him that the charet, which he had ordered over-night to take him to Saint Gallen, was ready ; but that he would be paying a very ill compliment to Roshach, if he did not go and see the church, and the views from the belfry.

True to the character that he had assumed, of an idle wanderer and sight-hunter, he told her he would follow her advice, and accordingly entered the spacious and rather elegant church, which had five gaudy altars, and then mounted to the bells, from which the views all around were most interesting. He then strolled over the churchyard, which was covered with crosses, some black and some gilded. Two elaborate and aristocratic monuments attracted his notice. They marked the burial-places of "the illustrious families of Beyer and Hoffmann." He was struck as he read the inscriptions.

"Hoffmann!" said he; "it is the name of that beautiful girl at Mollis, who is the incarnate image of the Vision of my destiny. How strange! How often have I been laughed at for that Vision, for which Oudet gave me the name of Dion. It was a Vision of Liberty, but not the spectral giantess of the Liberator of Syracuse, far less the brutal phantom-fury of our Revolution; but a loyal, gentle, modest, domesticated Vision, yet full of spirit and intelligence, and laughing all hypocrisy and meanness to scorn."

He took the miniature from his bosom, looked at it for some moments, and restored it to its place.

“ It is a miracle ; yet it does not excite my wonder. I knew that the abstract image was true for thousands ; and I was sure that I should some day or other find a living original for myself. She is there at Mollis ! I was sure that I should find her. When I first saw her at Galganen, I was seized with a delight that was not wonder : but I did not dare to look at her too much, after that first long draught of love and joy that my eyes took in : I should have gone mad with rapture. But I am vowed to a task. The oppressor must be shorn of his strength before the heart of a true Royalist of France can seek repose with honour, and, alas ! before even the home of a Swiss maiden can be secure against armed spies and privileged bullies. But Hoffmann—Beyer too—surely I heard the latter name also at Mollis in some family connection with the other. I must learn the history of these families, whose rich tombs rather denote in their owners the German pride

of blazonry than the simplicity of Helvetian taste. But the moment I saw Joanna Hoffmann, my embodied Vision, I was certain, though she was in rustic costume, that none but the *blue blood* could have produced that patrician loveliness."

As he was thus musing, he had turned from the Hoffmann monument to that of the Beyers, and now, on again casting his eyes on the former, he beheld, to his surprise and anger, that singular being, the Saxon student, leaning with his back against the tomb of the Hoffmanns, and regarding him with provoking attention. He had not time to express his displeasure before the youth addressed him.

"My friend—for such you are, you must be—you look angry, and no doubt think me very impertinent. It is true that I am here solely on your account: your absence from the inn greatly disconcerted the Baron. I tried to persuade him, as no tidings could be gained of you on the northern roads, nor indeed on any other, that you must have been drowned in the lake, as you talked of bathing before you went to bed, and dismissed me with that intention. It

was objected, that your clothes must have been found, to which I answered, that no doubt they were found, and concealed as good prize by the finder. Great searches are made about the matter. As for me, I was in no doubt, for I saw you take shelter in the shed, and I saw you get on board the *Swallow*. Do not frown so : it was my duty to watch over your safety : but, had I been your guardian angel, I could not have suggested a better expedient than you embraced by accident. No one would have dreamt of any man's attempting to escape on the tortoise back of a Constance barge, and the Baron has not the faintest suspicion of your having done so. I took leave of the Baron yesterday, and he supposes me to be on my direct way home to Narremberg. I have made this deviation from it solely to warn you to quit this canton with all despatch. I knew I should be in time, though I slept at a league hence ; and only rode on an hour ago ; but I had the boat in view from the moment I set out this morning till my arrival. I was alarmed at not finding you among the passengers ; but a few inquiries soon set me right

Yet I might have missed you, after all. You have ordered a carriage for St. Gallen ; perhaps you are going into the Austrian Alps ; if so, beware of the Bavarians : but you will be among true hearts there. Be cautious ; so many pretended French Royalists are like our Baron of Constance, that you may find it hard to win the confidence of the mountain heroes. I am sure you deserve it : you have mine entirely. You still look suspicious, and impatient of my intrusion. I forgive you—it is natural—but listen for a moment. They say the landwehr is arming : this betokens a renewal of Austrian warfare ; against whom ? None but your Corsican Colossus. The antique spirit of Germany is neither dead nor in its dotage. The *Tugend-bund* is its vivifying principle. Farewell, sir ; you will probably never see me again—but you will surely hear of me. I am going to Erfurt—remember that my name is Stapps.”

The name sounded meanly enough, and seemed any thing but memorable ; yet such was the air and manner of the youth that Dion could not believe him an impostor. On the contrary, there

was a mixture of awe in the feeling of pity with which he listened to his rapid enunciation and looked on his pale features that seemed to tremble with emotion, and on his eyes that blazed as if they would scorch their lids.

“ Poor young man !” thought Dion, “ his love of his father-land has maddened him.” And he embraced him with much kindness.

“ Good bye, then,” added the youth ; “ it is as well that we should not be seen together at the Crown. And remember,” he repeated, “ that my name is Stapps, and that I am going to Erfurt.”

Dion saw no more of the young German, and was speedily on his way to St. Gallen, in a charret, or sort of light waggon on four wheels, drawn by one horse. He arrived at the busy little town as soon as he expected, and, finding that he had an hour to spare before the table-d'hôte would be ready, he ascended the Freudenberg hill, from which are an extensive view over Lake Constance and several mountain prospects of various interest.

He descended by St. George, passing an obso-

lete monastery and several mansions agreeably embowered, and then he dipped into a narrow glen of curious appearance from the number of mills in it, one under another, in as regular series as the steps on a staircase. He then strolled in the Benedictine convent, a huge building with a large church attached. There were no longer any monks, but only four or five priests in this establishment.

He returned to his inn, the White Horse ; dined at the public table ; and was so much at his ease, and so frank in his deportment, that he would probably have lulled official or other suspicions, if any had been awakened. But he was a man of precautions.

Having to prosecute the rest of his journey that day on foot, and being unwilling to leave any clue to his real destination, or any motive for suspicion by a secret disappearance from the town, he expressed a wish to see the Waterfall at Wonnenstein, and engaged a guide to show him the way to it. He set out immediately after dinner, and ascending, by St. George, up a long ravine, through which was a narrow paved horse-

road, he came, in about three quarters of an hour, to a striking view of the rough Alps of Appenzel. The snow was glittering on Mount Sentis. Just below him the village of Teuffen, with its red steeple and scattered hamlets, formed the foreground of a grand picture; some of the mighty fells of the Zurich Canton stretching beyond it to the right, and the jagged pointed peaks of the Tyrol at a distance on his left.

At about a quarter of a league from Teuffen he found the Fall of Wonnenstein; and there, pretending weariness, he intimated a wish to be led to the nearest public-house, where he might stay till next morning. The guide, having directed him to one which was hard by, was glad to be paid and dismissed, that he might get back to Saint Gallen before nightfall.

After as much rest as would give time to prevent any chance of his overtaking or being noticed by the man, he returned to the main road, walked slowly along a green pastoral valley, through the pretty village of Bueller, lingered just below it at a little waterfall that turned a mill and was darkly backed by fir-trees, and

pursued his upland way, meeting the rivulet that dashed saucily down by the road side. The ascent presently became much steeper, and he met little prattling cascades at every turn of the road.

Hitherto all this was only the prettiest of walks, but the country assumed a solemn character as he approached Gais, a neat little watering-place, as placidly seated by “the ragged jaws” of Appenzel as an unconscious kid browsing on the edge of a bear’s cave.

The sign of an Ox, painted over the door of a respectable-looking house, invited the traveller; and the house fairly kept its promise of good accommodation.

He slept well and rose early. When he had breakfasted, in his own apartment, he passed into the public sitting-room, where he found himself in the midst of a little concourse of persons who had been still earlier risers than himself. He was received with even more than ordinary courtesy, for there were ladies of the party; and few, if any, of that sex ever failed to be prepossessed in his favour by his appearance. Gais was full

of visitors, persons easily and innocently pleased, who had come thither from far and near, as is the custom with many in summer and autumn, to drink goats' milk and keep primitive hours.

To the party at the Ox the arrival of "the grand young man," as one of the ladies described him, was however no indifferent accident. Some of them, who were discussing the project of a ramble to the top of Mount Gabris, proposed to him to join their party. As if he had really nothing to do but to study Nature, which was, perhaps, indeed the only unalloyed delight of his feverish life, he readily assented. One of the ladies, a little fair-faced and fair-haired Austrian, as nimble as a chamois, but not so shy, and who would have appeared a baby but for the woman's eyes that looked through and through him, took him under her special patronage with such modest boldness, such easy and elegant artlessness, as were irresistibly captivating for the moment. He resigned himself to her "sweet will," and, in due time, that is, after an easy walk of about an hour and a quarter, he found himself seated at her side, on a block of granite, under a solitary

dead fir-tree, at the very summit of Mount Gabris, the rest of the party being scattered in groups within sight.

Grandly savage for the most part are the prospects from that Mount Gabris. The view over Lake Constance into Suabia indeed is somewhat tame, though extensive, but on the east and south-east the chaos of Alps of Vorarlberg and the Tyrol, and of Appenzel, is truly magnificent.

“Yonder is my father-land,” said Dion’s new friend, kissing her hand to the Tyrol, while her eyes softened with affection at the thoughts of home.

“Are you a Tyrolese?”

“Yes.”

“Call it then fairy-land as well as father-land,” said Dion, “for you are just of the size and the sort of beauty fit for a fairy queen.”

“Rough men and wild, then,” answered the lady laughing, “should I have for subjects, and wild and rude would be my principality. But we have valleys of corn and wine, and kindly human natures too, as well as rocky precipices and mines and men of iron.”

“ I know you have,” returned Dion, “ and it was only yesterday that I heard as fervent praise of your brave mountaineers from a young Saxon youth.”

“ Blessings on the young Saxon, whoever he was,” prayed the lady, “ and on all who love the Tyrolese !”

“ Thanks, fair maiden, for my share of the benediction.”

“ Do you then love the Tyrolese ?”

“ I love all loyal patriots.”

“ If so, you may safely love the dwellers in the Tyrol: I do not believe there is a traitor among them.”

Some of the young lady's companions now joined them, and soon afterwards the whole party returned to Gais to their mid-day dinner. Not less than seventy persons were assembled at the table-d'hôte, more than half of whom were ladies, all carefully, and some few gracefully, dressed.

If Dion could have chosen his seat at the board, he would have placed himself near the fair little Tyrolese; but, as the last comer, he was conducted

to the lower end of the table. A young matron, whom he thus happened to have for his next neighbour, told him that she too had only arrived the day before; having come all the way from Bourdeaux to drink goat's milk at this her native place, though she had only been married two years to a gentleman of the Gironde, whom she had first casually met at that very table. The distance of her new home, she said, appeared immeasurable, and the time that had elapsed since she left Gais was more like twenty years than two: but her health had become delicate, and her husband had permitted her to pass a few months in her native air. It was, no doubt, the mountaineer's *mal-du-pays* that had been her ailment, for she had now no appearance of ill health. Dion made this observation to her, on which she looked a little confused, but smiled, and said,—

“ My husband, who is seated opposite to you, sir, has listened to that remark complacently, for he has always maintained that nothing ailed me but home-sickness.”

“ Yes,” said the gentlemanlike person alluded to, who had been less attentive to his dinner than

to the conversation of his wife's neighbour, though he was no jealous husband, "I have often told Madame Melincourt that if we quarrel at Bourdeaux I can at any time get rid of her easily, for I have only to bribe any Swiss stroller to sing the Rantz-des-Vaches under her windows, and she will die outright, or desert me and run away to Gais."

"And that," said the lady, looking affectionately at her husband, "implies that he thinks me very ungrateful, for he transferred me, portionless, from an humble residence in this poor place, to be mistress of a house little inferior to a palace."

Monsieur Melincourt appeared gratified by this generous reproach.

The repast was now over, and some musicians came in, and, stationing themselves at the top of the room, some with fiddles, others with flutes, favoured the company with indifferent harmony. Three young women, of their band, then sung patriotic songs in provincial German, accompanying themselves, one on a violincello, and the two others on fiddles; after which a collection

for them was made round the table, and the company rose.

“ Pray, sir,” said Monsieur Melincourt to Dion, in French, and in a low tone, “ Will you excuse me if I ask whether I have not seen you before? I was at the Isle of Ré about five years ago.”

Dion answered somewhat coldly, that he was not aware of ever having seen the gentleman before.

It was nevertheless quite true that Monsieur Melincourt had seen him in the Isle of Ré, where Dion had been confined with other Royalist prisoners, and whence he had escaped in 1803, by the connivance, it was affirmed, of Colonel Oudet, a well-known and very distinguished officer in the service of the French republic. It had been said, more in jest than earnest, that Oudet, who was called “ the handsomest man in the French army,” had favoured his release out of jealousy, because the ladies of Ré were divided in their opinion as to whether he or the Royalist prisoner were the handsomer man of the two.

Though Monsieur Melincourt’s address and

appearance could not have produced any doubtful impression but for his unlucky question, Dion, always cautious from necessity, and now doubly so after the warning he had received about the Royalist Baron of Constance and others, resolved that he would decamp from Gais without beat of drum. He quietly left the room, therefore, without even taking a parting glance at his companion of the morning, the fair and fairy Tyrolese, settled his bill with the landlord, withdrew his knapsack, the pedestrian's portable wardrobe, from his bed-chamber, and struck away over the hills to Appenzel.

He was, however, really in no danger from Monsieur Melincourt, who would have kept, and did keep, his secret, being himself a passive Royalist.

Dion, in less than an hour, found his way to Appenzel, but did not stop there, though much inclined to inquire for a guide, as he feared that he should hardly explore his way without error, if unassisted, over the Kamor mountain. Prudence, however, dissuaded him from the risk, as he had quitted Gais with a precipitancy that

might possibly lead to suspicion and pursuit ; for French spies and French influence infested every inhabited portion of Switzerland, more or less.

It especially behoved him not to commit himself, now that he was so near to his destination on the Austrian frontier. He trusted therefore to the chance of enlisting some shepherd of the Alps in his service for a few hours, and he had not walked far upon the Kamor before he encountered the sort of person he needed, a young simple rustic, who readily undertook to guide him for a small gratuity.

Various parts of the journey presented objects truly sublime. The ascents and descents were rather painful, but the rocky mountains on every side, the dark ravines, the beds of ice that glittered against the westering sun, were sights that would not have been over-purchased by twice the toil. After a walk of about two hours and a quarter, Dion sat down on a ridge, from which he saw, on one side, the rough cold Sentis, with all its ragged family of crags, looking enviously over the green valley of Brullisaw. On the other side of the ridge was the Rheinthal, with

the Rhine winding beauteously through it, by the little town of Hohen-Ems to Lake Constance, which was visible, with part of its eastern coast in the distance. The forest of Bregenz and the Vorarlberg backed the Rhine on that side.

On the elevated point where the traveller rested, although there had been but little air in the valleys, the wind swept along with prodigious force, making the most dismal howling among the pine-trees that abound near the mountaintops. Dion felt for a moment as if the spirit of despair were yelling in his ears; but, though an imaginative person, he was too stout of heart and sound of brain to surrender himself to the slavery of gloomy fancies. The guide complained of the dreariness and solitude of those regions, and pointed wistfully to the Rheinthal, that was laughing below them, with all its vines and towns.

“ Ay,” said Dion, rising, “ that is a cheerful prospect; let us proceed.”

They pursued their way, now generally descending; every thing immediately about them was grand and awful, and growing more so every

moment as the shadows of evening deepened over them; while the Rheinthal, which had been so merrily inviting them down, now seemed to be melting away from their view the nearer they approached it.

“How far are you going, sir?” now inquired the guide.

“To the river,” was the answer.

“I cannot accompany you so far! I have already come farther than was necessary, for you cannot miss your way.”

“Well, then, my good fellow,” said Dion, putting some silver into his hand, “thanks for your company, and good evening.”

The guide gave him some further directions, reassured him that he could not go astray, and departed.

Dion, however, did miss his way, and passed the night, a bleak and dark one, under the cope of an overhanging rock. He was not unused to such misadventures, nor over-solicitous about personal comfort; but he resolved to keep awake till daylight, if he could, lest a wolf might visit him at disadvantage.

The raw air, the moaning of the wind, the lapse of mountain waters, were so many conspirators against his vigil. He soon fell fast asleep, having, almost unconsciously, made a pillow of his wallet; and, after several hours, he awoke with extreme horror, being disturbed by the cold nose of some animal, probably the wolf, scenting and sniffing about his face. It was a shepherd's dog, and the sun was already awake.

Dion now required no guide; the map unfolded itself beneath him in the morning light. He was not altogether unacquainted with the Rheinthal; he selected his own way with little or no further inquiry; and in due time, but not without much precaution and some stratagem to evade unseasonable notice of his movements, he had crossed the river, entered the town of Hohen-Ems, in the Vorarlberg, and dived, a welcome, and not unexpected, guest into the dark habitation of one of the numerous Jews of that place.

CHAPTER V.

That cry is no wood chorister's
Sweet play of idle breath.
Avoid the wailing foresters;
They lure thee unto death.

IN the retirement of this obscure dwelling he continued several days, while his very existence in the town was unsuspected, except by those persons who secretly visited him, by appointments communicated through the master of the house, on the subject of his mission, which was to ingratiate himself with certain leading patriots among the Tyrolese, and to instigate them to rise upon their Bavarian masters, whose abhorred yoke Napoleon had imposed upon them, about three years before, by the treaty of Presburg.

Dion had been deputed by the French Royalists in alliance with the formidable Philadelphian Society of Republicans from whose secret chief,

Colonel Oudet, he had received the most confidential instructions. It was a service of extreme delicacy and peril, but intrusted to a man in whose hands it was not unlikely to prosper. But he found even more difficulty than he anticipated in gaining the entire confidence of some of the principal men among those faithful mountaineers, who, through good and evil fortune, and in spite of the enforced and outrageous treaty which had transferred them like serfs to the rule of the Bavarian, acknowledged no earthly lord but their own imperial liege of the house of Hapsburg.

With two or three of the most influential among these men he had vainly endeavoured to bring about an interview, when, after some days, he was told that there was already throughout the Tyrol an extensive and devoted association, whose sole object was the destruction of their tyrants, and of the arch-tyrant of Europe ; and that he might become a member of it if he chose.

Already a member of societies formed on a similar principle, he did not hesitate to accept

this offer; and he had no sooner declared his consent than he was subjected to certain forms of initiation, so easy, that they could only surprise him by their simplicity. These were merely the preliminary forms, by which whole villages had been enrolled.

He was then informed that the chiefs whom he desired to know would no longer refuse him their acquaintance, but that he must quit Hohen-Ems, and repair, under guidance, to a retreat in the Tyrolese mountains, where he must wait patiently till a safe opportunity should occur of granting him the interviews that he wished for.

He gave his ready assent to this proposition, and was secretly conveyed to a lone farm-house in one of the wildest solitudes of the Austrian Alps, in the lovely valley of Passeyr. Here he remained for some days, without hearing any thing further of the association or its leaders. He began to think that he had been made the subject of a practical joke, when his host brought him a letter, worded in the formal language of the society, and summoning him to a very re-

tired quarter, where he would meet some of the brothers.

He went without demur or misgiving, because the formula of his initiation, and the characters of the persons who had introduced him into the order, seemed to him to be a very sufficient security against any unworthy snare.

He recognized the spot to which he was called by the most exact comparison. There was the White Torrent, trampling its way out of the dark wood, and there was the great detached Oak-tree, standing, like an out-picket, alone, on a plot of greensward. He had arrived before the appointed hour; he remained there till long after it; he walked about in every direction round it, examining and listening, but he neither saw nor heard a human being.

A few days afterwards, the same notice, worded precisely as before, called him to the same place. Again he went, and again saw no one. Not less than four times was this mockery practised; but Dion was always punctual to the appointments, because he supposed they might be intended as tests of his patience and perseverance.

The fifth time he was retiring with some disgust, weary of a deception too often renewed, when he was arrested by sudden and frightful cries for help, as if from some person suffering violence in the wood, at no greater distance than a hundred paces behind him. Daylight was already almost gone, the weather was wet and cold, he was far from his farm-house lodging, and the way to it was heavy and perplexing, from the fall of the leaf (for it was nearly the end of October). But nothing could restrain his courage on an occasion when humanity so urgently claimed its exercise.

Sword in hand, he precipitated himself into the wood, crushed and cut his way through an opposing thicket of brambles, and, directed by the cries which were nearer at every step, he soon reached a space more open and free from underwood, whence three ruffians in slouched hats retreated in great haste, but turned round and discharged their muskets at him before they disappeared. Their shot did not take effect, but Dion, horror-struck, beheld at his feet the man whom they had murdered.

The twilight, though not strong enough to enable him to distinguish his features, was sufficient to show that his clothes were torn, his limbs bound with cords, and that he was bloody with wounds. Dion had hardly had time to throw a glance on this wretched spectacle, to look around him hopelessly in that dismal wood, where darkness and death seemed closing in upon him from every side, and to perceive some flickering token of life in the unhappy man, whose last agony was probably a prelude to his own, when an armed detachment, in Bavarian uniform, attracted, no doubt, by the cries of distress, or the noise of fire-arms, entered the grove from the direction contrary to that which the brigands had taken, and hurried up to the place where the victim was faintly groaning.

The man survived a few minutes only after their arrival, but long enough, in answer to the questions put to him, plainly and unequivocally to denounce Dion as one of his assassins. Lest there should be any mistake on a subject of such fearful importance, one of the Bavarians, as it was now very dark in the wood, took from his

tobacco-pouch a flint and some amadou, with which he lit a torch that they were provided with. By its broad blaze, the dying man, half lifted up by some of the persons nearest to him, examined the face of Dion, confirmed his accusation, and, casting a last look of horror at him, fell back and expired.

The consternation of Dion may be imagined when it is added that, by the torchlight, he discovered that it was the young Saxon of Narremberg whose blood had been so basely shed, and who, by his last solemn attestation, left him branded with the crime.

Every thing confirmed the charge — the hour, the place, the drawn sword, the confusion of his looks, the incoherence of his words; for it was not possible that the bravest human nature could wholly preserve its presence of mind at such a crisis.

He was of course seized, bound with the very cords that had made his supposed victim defenceless, thrown ignominiously into a cart at the first farmhouse they came to, and carried off to a gloomy building that served as prison to a

neighbouring village. There he was put in chains, and left to his reflections.

The night wore away, but morning brought him no relief. Two, three, days succeeded, during which he saw no one but his jailer, who once a day entered his cell, left him bread and water, and withdrew without having uttered word, or even noticed him by a gesture. On the fourth day he was brought before the magistrates, who sate in a room of the same building, and he was subjected to an examination. His answers were necessarily evasive and unsatisfactory: what reason could he safely assign for the position in which he was found, or for being in that country at all?

The allies, or rather the slaves, of Napoleon, and among them his examiners, were rulers in the Tyrol. Witnesses were heard, some persons suspected of being his accomplices were examined, and, by their inconsistent answers, strengthened the case against him; the informations were read and commented on in his presence, the public officer stated his inferences, and the accused was called on for his defence.

Overwhelmed with the circumstantial testimony against him, he knew that his positive denial was of no avail ; yet he had no defence to make. After a pause, however, he called Heaven to witness his innocence, and demanded that the sword with which it was said he had committed the deed should be produced.

“ For that,” said he, “ cannot but testify in my favour, since it will be found unspotted with blood as I am.”

The sword was in court ; it was immediately handed round to the magistrates, and exhibited to himself. The point was stained, and the edges crusted with gore.

“ Wretched man !” cried a magistrate, “ is this your blushing witness ! Let him be removed.”

He was reconducted to his prison-room, while the tribunal consulted together, and passed judgment. He was condemned without appeal, according to the form of those petty jurisdictions, to capital punishment of the most cruel and disgraceful kind, without even the consolation of a reasonable complaint against a sentence resting

on so many facts which had all the character of evidence. That the blood-stained appearance of his sword could only be the effect of accident, or malice, or an unscrupulous eagerness to complete his conviction, he well knew ; but he could not deny that, without that circumstance, there was such proof as would have decided his own mind against any other person so accused.

Beaten down by fatigue, fasting, imprisonment, and despair, he learnt, with a kind of joy, when his sentence was communicated to him, that the term of the execution was hastened on a particular account. The morrow was dedicated to the celebration of one of the most solemn festivals of the church, and must not be desecrated by the sacrifice of an assassin. He was therefore to be executed that very night by torchlight.

Accordingly, at eleven o'clock at night, two or three hideous men entered his cell, removed his chains, and pinioned his arms with stout cord. He was led out of the prison, and, preceded by dismal torches, and escorted by mute soldiers, who marched slowly with down-cast eyes, he advanced, while the toll of the

passing bell recommended him to the prayers of the faithful.

After a winding and tedious progress, he arrived in an immense court, surrounded by ruined buildings. A scaffold was in the midst. He was conducted up to it, and then a troop of horsemen galloped up, and surrounded it. Spectators, male and female, were thickly grouped around these mounted guards ; some were seated on the broken walls of the square : dull sounds of impatience or horror were heard from side to side ; and two or three scattered lights shed their weak glimmering from distant windows.

Such was the prospect that offered itself to the gallant Dion, as he stood on the scaffold where he was to die. His sentence was read aloud to him, so as to be heard by the crowd ; and the moment of execution was arrived. At this instant a civic officer dashes at full gallop into the square, throws himself from his horse, rushes up to the scaffold, and pours into the ears of Dion some intimation of reprieve, which he cannot at first comprehend, but which gives him a thrill of hope. The officer is the bearer of a conditional reprieve.

Dion quickly aroused himself to a sense of his situation, and asked what were the conditions.

“ They are three,” replied the officer. “ We know that you had an interview with the Baron —— at Constance, where you met the young man whom you have so strangely murdered. You must declare the object of that interview, and state by whom and with what instructions you were sent. We know that you have been concealed at Hohen-Ems, and had several visitors there. You must state why you came to the Tyrol, who was your host at Ems, and who were the persons that visited you in his house. We know that you were, soon after your arrival at Ems, made a member of a treasonable secret society of these ill-advised mountaineers. You must tell us all you can of their secret, and name the chiefs. As you shall answer truly to all these points, and I warn you that on some of them you cannot deceive us, your life is secure, or otherwise ; and you either undergo your sentence, or receive a safe passport out of Germany. If you value your life, you have only to assure me of your readiness to answer my questions, and I

can retire with you to a more convenient place, to hear your communications."

"I am guiltless," Dion answered, "of the horrible crime for which I am to suffer. If you have eyes to detect the guilty, as you have hands to butcher the innocent, you will find that out when I am dead. As to your questions, sir, I do not understand them, and therefore have nothing to answer. You have disturbed me; I was prepared for my fate. I commend my spirit, in fear and hope, to the mercy of Him who knows my many sins, and my innocence of this foul crime. Leave me, sir; or stay, if you will, and see how a loyal Frenchman can die. But let us have no more conversation."

"Brave and loyal Frenchman," said the officer, to the astonished Dion; "you have the soul of a Tyrolese!" And he hugged him in his arms, and saluted him with a kiss upon the cheek. It was Hofer!

"Brave and loyal gentleman and friend," said another, coming forward, and embracing him, "I wear you in my heart's heart." It was the young Saxon, the *murdered* youth of Narremberg!

Dion's initiation was over. There was not a person on the scaffold, except himself, or in the crowd below him, who was not aware that the whole scene, from beginning to end, was but an experiment—the extreme and dreadful trial of the nerve, temper, and fidelity of a French, and therefore a suspected, candidate for the highest confidence of the chiefs of the patriot peasantry of the Tyrol.

Dion stood for awhile in a stupor, unconscious that his arms were freed, and deaf to the shouts of admiration that hailed his triumph. But a hundred torches now blazed round him. Dazzled and confused, he staggered in that transition from death to life, but he soon collected himself, and, giving an affected turn of levity to his emotion, he said, “Gentlemen, you have carried this joke too far; you have taken away my appetite; I will go to bed without my supper.”

He was in truth utterly exhausted. It was time to put him to bed.

After all that fearful excitement, Dion slept without interruption for no less than eighteen

hours, and was perhaps saved from a brain-fever by that long and profound repose, during which he was anxiously watched by his new friends, and especially by the young Saxon, who perhaps felt remorse that he had caused him so much suffering.

Two or three hours after sunset of the day following that night of his terrible initiation, and when Dion had slept about eighteen hours, and was still in a deep sleep, from which it was thought proper not to disturb him, this youth was seated alone and in darkness at his bedside, when the famous Hofer entered the room very quietly, accompanied by a young maiden, who bore in her hand a small lamp.

“Now then, niece,” said Hofer, “satisfy your curiosity, but take care you do not awaken him.”

The maiden advanced on tiptoe to the head of the bed, and cautiously held up her lamp, shading it with her other hand, so as to examine the features of the noble Frenchman, without annoying him by the glare. But no sooner had she beheld him than she uttered a scream of terror or ecstasy, and, in her distraction, let

fall the lamp upon the floor. It was the fable of Cupid and Psyche almost realized. She vanished in the darkness and confusion, leaving Hofer and the Saxon to apologize to Dion for the disturbance, and to call for light.

The roused sleeper was soon assured that all was safe. Refreshment was brought to him, and, after a few hours' social converse, Hofer wished him good night, and retired. Dion returned to his couch, and the Saxon youth, after trimming the lamp, and bolting the door, lay down for the night on a mattrass on the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

She lookèd at him silently,
With her large doubting eyes,
Like a child that never knew but love,
Whom words of wrath surprise—
Till the rose did break from either cheek,
And the sudden tears did rise.

MISS BARRETT.

Mon cœur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous garçon ;
Est pour un homme de guerre
Qui a barbe au menton.

Old Ballad quoted in Waverley.

THREE nights had past since the event recorded in the last chapter. Dion's mission prospered ; his influence, with that of the Philadelphian leader whom he represented, was thoroughly established among the Tyrolese. The coming winter was to be their season of preparation : the succeeding spring to be that of

their outburst. Hofer departed for Vienna, to confer with the Austrian authorities.

It was a fine October evening — the end of October, when the sunsets are so rich, and shed such a solemn glory over the yellow woods. A maiden and a youth were whispering under the Oak by the Torrent, the same spot to which Dion had been so often deluded. By one of the caprices of the climate, the air, though the wintry season was so near, was as soft as the breath of May, when wafted to that more rigorous clime by the southern breeze of Italy.

The maiden sate at the foot of the great oak, and the youth at her feet on the joint of a root that projected through the green bank which sloped down to the torrent's edge. The youth was looking up anxiously at the maiden, who was playfully dividing the lengths of his auburn hair with her fingers; the falling leaves were whispering round them; the youth and maiden, too, were whispering to each other; and the moon was perched on the oak-top, listening to what they said, but the brawling of the torrent must have balked her curiosity.

A youth and maiden under a trysting-tree, by moonlight, are the most common of figures, though not the most uninteresting, in the pictures of fiction, and of real life too: but this was no ordinary youth, for it was the youth of Narremberg; and the maiden was the niece of him of the heron's plume — the high-souled, modest, Hofer.

While she parted his hair, she was chiding him with animated fondness: but so very juvenile was her appearance that she had the air of a child who was amusing herself by mimicking her schoolmistress: yet her words were of serious import, and he was gravely attentive to every syllable that fell from the lips of his pretty monitress.

“No, fair sir,” said she, “I can no longer trust your promises. When you left us, scarcely three months ago, what was my parting injunction?”

“To forget to love you, Iris.”

“No, sir; not so; to love me, and to be guided by me as by an elder sister; to forget this foolish passion, which my duty forbids me

to approve ; and which could only tend to our mutual unhappiness. You, the Protestant son of a Protestant minister, can never be received as a suitor among us who are Catholics. But our friend you are and must be ; you can be to me as a brother, if you will ; in that relation I can safely and blamelessly cherish you."

" Iris," said the youth, " you are a bigot."

" No more of that ; you know not what you say ; you are a spoiled and visionary boy. Then, that dreadful confession that you made to me ; that you felt yourself born to be the destroyer of the tyrant of Europe ! What madness ! A fair innocent youth, like you, to devote himself to the guilt and sure punishment of an assassin ! It is as if the lamb should vow to slay the wolf. It is too senseless and horrible."

" But I promised you that I would give up that idea."

" You did : you promised me many things ; to go home peaceably ; to remain there at least two years ; to console your venerable parents ; to forget the wild tenets of the schoolboy philosophers of the universities ; and to abstain from

meddling with political societies, which are for warriors and statesmen, not for children. And how have you kept your word? By your own acknowledgment, you ramble away into Switzerland with your beardless bravoës of Heidelberg; you enter into intrigues with your relative at Constance, whom you discover to be a cheat; you follow Dion, to warn him to escape his snares—there you were right; he is too noble a bird for the net of the dastardly fowler.—You go to Erfurt, and there —”

“ Yes, thither I went,” interrupted the youth, “ impelled by that uncontrollable impulse which had returned upon me, and hurried me to the destruction of the tyrant; and there I beheld him with the Autocrat of the Russias: but your image, Iris, came between him and me; you laid your tiny hand upon my arm, and it was paralyzed — and I came back to tell you all, and to implore you to reward my forbearance by giving me a hope that I might yet deserve and win you by some exploit of your own suggestion.”

“ Nonsense, nonsense, dear, dreadful boy; I send no child-champions to knock their heads

against strong walls. Or, if you must be busy in scenes of violence, try your hand fairly and openly. They say the Landwehr is about to arm ; join that ; a Saxon patriot may fight under Austrian colours against the foe of all Germany. But away with your dreams of private homicide. I shudder to look at you when I think of it."

" And, if I follow your advice, will you let me love you ?"

" As a sister, yes ; as a lover, alas, no ; it cannot be ; were there no other insurmountable objections, I should as soon think of the spirit of a comet for my husband as of such a fearful wandering boy, who is ever dreaming of murder."

" But if," said the youth, stamping with impatience, " I swear to abandon that purpose for ever, to join the Landwehr, to win honour in the Austrian ranks, or under the eyes of your own uncle ; to do, meditate, and suffer nothing but what you approve ; may I then —"

" Hush, hush ; this is phrenzy : it is but within these few days that you have returned to us, without any rational motive : and what then ?

You glide about like a spirit among us; you hear of Dion, perhaps see him, yourself unseen; you elude a meeting with him: you get up a melo-drama, by which his truth and constancy are to be tried; you persuade my uncle to permit and assist in it; you are yourself the principal actor, and the plot is still of the colour of your dreams—the colour of blood—the theme is, still, assassination. And what a test to put a brave man to! It is wonderful how he retained his senses through such an ordeal. Were you not afraid that it would drive him mad?”

“Iris, Iris, it is he who will drive *me* mad!” exclaimed the youth.

“What do you mean?” said she; “why do those restless eyes of your’s flame with such strange loveliness? Do not look upon me so. I cannot bear it: poor, poor, boy!”

“Iris,” said he, with a look of piteous anguish, “you love that noble Dion.”

“Silence, boy,” whispered she, in sudden alarm; “how can you utter such follies! he is coming—he will hear you.”

“Who is coming?”

“ Dion !”

“ How do you know that ? Why should he come hither ?”

“ Because I have invited him to meet us here.”

“ To meet *you* here ! oh, where was your self-respect ? What will the Frenchman think of the pride of a German maiden ?”

“ No, no, I have invited him to meet *us*, you and me together, boy. It is for your sake that I have done so. I have called him to council with us. I must tell him this fearful story of your enthusiasm. You shall hear me relate it to him. I find that I cannot rule you, headstrong creature ; how should I ? I am but eighteen—only a year older than yourself : and indeed you frighten me !”

“ Frighten you, Iris ! Am I, then, ungentle to you ?”

“ Oh no, not that ; my fears are not for myself, but for you. Dion, whom you so much respect, will know how to give you advice better than I can. He will surely persuade you to go home, and be the staff of your father’s old age ; to devote your mind to study ; to calm it to

reason ; to forget your Roman dreams, and to leave Napoleon in the hands of the Omnipotent.”

“ And Iris to the care of Dion,” added the youth, peevishly.

“ For shame, unkind boy !”

And she hid her face in her hands ; for, at that moment, Dion, whose approach had been unheard on the mat of fallen leaves and so near the brawling water, appeared, as if from behind the oak, and stood before her.

The youth sprung to his feet, looked at Dion for an instant, and, uttering a cry of despair, turned away and plunged into the wood.

Dion, who had not heard a word of their conversation, at first imagined that the young Saxon was practising an idle jest, in allusion to the cries for help that had been the prelude to those tragical deceptions by which he had been so severely tried. But the real distress of the lady at once convinced him that he was mistaken.

He had received a billet, penned by a female hand, inviting him to repair to the Oak of the Torrent that evening. He, who had obeyed a sterner summons to the same place so often, did

not hesitate to accept such an invitation, while he wondered what it could mean.

Though the moon had now come out of her hiding-place, and was mounted in full round refulgence over their heads, shedding a light only milder than day, Dion, who could but perceive a small female figure seated at the foot of the tree, with her head bent down and her face buried in her hands, which also were veiled by a profusion of flaxen hair that floated while she was in that posture down to her knees, was much at a loss to comprehend who or what she might be. But for the note that he had got, and the young Saxon's presence on his arrival, he might have supposed that it was some tired child who had lost her way, and was sobbing over her forlorn situation. Or (for though a Frenchman, he either naturally possessed or had early acquired a German taste for phantasms) he might have taken her to be a weird infant, left there as a bait by the hags of the forest, to lure him into some wondrous entanglement.

He addressed himself to her in the most soothing tone, and expressed his regret for an intrusion

which he said appeared to be so untimely, though he had come by appointment, but with whom he did not know.

After a long pause, the lady, as if by a strong effort of resolution, lifted up her head, threw back the hair from her face, and fixed her large blue eyes on him with an expression of anxious confusion and fear. To his very great surprise, he beheld the beautiful baby face and woman's eyes of the sylph-like Tyrolese, whom he had seen at Gais. But she now, instead of meeting his look as before with the gay, ingenuous, consciousness of beauty self-approved, shrank from his inquiring gaze, and again hid her face.

This could not last long: an explanation, of necessity, ensued. The readiness of encouragement with which he assisted her to clear away all that was wounding to her delicacy in the circumstances by degrees restored her to confidence. It was easy enough to make Dion perceive why he had been called thither to meet the Saxon, and why his influence might have been considered by her as likely, if combined with her's, to be of great use in giving a healthier tone

to the youth's mind, and weaning it from its fatal appetite for tyrannicide. But it was not so easy to reconcile the exceeding and undisguised interest that she took in the youth's welfare, with the impression that she wished to convey to Dion of her only loving the boy as with the tenderness of a sister for a sick brother. It was also difficult for her, in the real state of her own feelings, to account for his odd conduct in tearing away from them with such a wild cry of agony. She could not tell Dion the fact, that it was in an access of jealousy of himself. For what was the state of her own feelings?

The bitterest tears that she had ever shed were on that afternoon, at Gais, when she found that her acquaintance of a morning had vanished from her, as she thought, for ever. Had her fear been true, she might soon have forgotten that sorrow and its object, for she was more given to laughter than to tears; like some one of the gay creatures of the elements whom she resembled, she seemed fitter "to sport in the sunbeam" than to droop in the cloud. But he had reappeared: in her beloved mountain-haunts he had won the hearts

of her friends by manliness that no terrors could appal ; she did not know that it was he who was the hero of the terrible initiation which was utterly repugnant to her taste, and which she had therefore avoided witnessing, till its triumphant issue had made her curious to see the probationer : to the effect of that view the fallen lamp bore testimony.

But was the light of her happiness also then extinguished ? She had no reason for any such apprehension. She knew nothing of the Vision of Dion, nor of its substantive existence in a mountain dwelling, not many leagues distant from her own. Her distress, therefore, in addition to that of compassion for the youth whose love she crossed, lay in the difficulty already mentioned, of preventing Dion from taking it for granted that the young Saxon was, on the contrary, the object of her affections.

And this was just the conclusion to which he did come, after all her care to exclude that inference. To Dion nothing could appear clearer, nothing more natural ; the maiden and youth loved each other ; he was of a peculiar temper,

and brooded over fancies that alarmed her for his safety; she had caused Dion to come thither to plead for her, by his advice, against the youth's obstinate adherence to some foolish or perilous fancy: the Saxon had taken offence, and fled. Perhaps he was jealous: if so, that cause of inquietude could be easily removed; indeed, his own early departure from the maiden's country would leave the boy, so far as he was concerned, without the shadow of a rival.

Thus rapidly mused Dion: but, being under that mistake of her predilection for another, he unconsciously fed her passion for himself by the perfect amiableness of his manners. Perhaps the happiest hour of the life of Iris was then passed under that moonlit oak.

But the bright recollection of that hour was soon to lose all the cheerfulness of its radiance. It was, indeed, almost immediately and frequently clouded by the fitfulness of the young Saxon, who grew more intractable than ever, and who, though he continued to be attentive, and even affectionate, in his general deportment to Dion, rejected all overtures for advice or explanation,

and instantly withdrew, if he perceived the conversation about to lead to either. He could derive no hope of success in his suit from Iris, not even a denial of her partiality for Dion; and the wretchedness of the poor boy in consequence could not but afflict her. Yet while Dion remained among them, and while every day increased her belief that his sentiments were in accord with her own hopes, her existence could not but continue to be coloured with delight.

The time, however, soon arrived, on which he intimated the necessity of his taking leave of them on the morrow. She made no attempt to conceal her grief at the news: but, prepossessed with the notion that she loved the moody Saxon youth, he saw nothing in her manner but the reluctance of a warm-hearted girl to part with an acquaintance who was cherished, because he had proved himself worthy of the friendship of her uncle.

She was far from reading his thoughts, and farther than ever, when he took an opportunity of requesting her to honour him with some moments' private converse. Her heart beat with

fearfully joyous anticipation. He was going, but he was to return ; he was to be her own ! She would have frankly declared her readiness to hear him at once, but maiden scruples pulled her spirit back. She told him that she would see him in an hour.

“ Where ? ” inquired Dion.

“ Here, in this very room,” she answered.

“ Pardon me,” said he, “ not here ; we should be exposed to interruption.”

“ Where you please, then,” said she, with a smile, that was the brighter for the blush that accompanied it.

“ Well, then,” rejoined Dion, “ you once commanded me to meet you at the Oak of the Torrent ; I now presume to request your presence there, but without your Saxon lover.”

The eyes of Iris softened with tenderness as she bowed her assent, and as she inwardly said, “ Without my Saxon lover—yes ; yet not without my lover.”

In what a flutter of emotions was that little bosom for the fifty or sixty minutes that followed, with a lazy indifference to her suspense !

That crippled legion of seconds had all limped by at last. Her quick little feet hardly crushed the crisp autumnal leaves that matted her way through the wood to the trysting-tree. When within but few paces from it, she paused ; a sudden doubt came over her.

“What,” thought she, “if this should be a delusion, and the communication that he has to make to me be nothing to the purpose of my anticipations!”

She actually turned round to retreat at the appalling idea. But a few moments restored her courage.

“No, no,” she whispered to her cowering heart, “it can be nothing else than a declaration.”

Poor Iris ! When she arrived at the Oak of the Torrent, Dion was already there. It was not yet mid-day, and the sun gave a feeble warmth to the air. Dion made a cushion of his cloak, on a rock by the running water, and requested Iris to share that seat with him. She, in coquetry, perhaps, first filled her apron with withered leaves, and then complied.

There was a long pause. He, who was gene-

rally so affluent of speech, seemed to be embarrassed how to begin. This confirmed her expectation. After a few unmeaning phrases about the weather and the beauty of the spot, he made excuses, not very happily worded, for the great liberty that he was about to take. Iris sate with downcast eyes, and was flinging her withered leaves one by one into the stream that bubbled at her feet. He now spoke of the Saxon youth, but, at first, with much constraint : then with more freedom.

“ It may seem both ungenerous and impertinent,” said he, at length, “ to tell you that I have observed that attachment with the most uneasy concern. But it must be said—that boy will never make you happy, Iris. He would be the torment of your life, and possibly would shorten it. There is intense truth in his passion for you, but it is a fire that would consume you as well as himself ; you cannot save him : I fear nothing can ; but you may yet save yourself. The task, I am afraid, will be a hard one. You must pluck this boy’s image out of your soul.”

The maiden looked up at him for a moment

with a melancholy smile, not altogether surprised, but thinking that his last remark was purposely an exaggeration of his belief in the amount, at least, of her regard for the young Saxon, and one which he wished to be contradicted. She was silent.

“Forgive me, but indeed, indeed you must, if you would not insure yourself a most miserable fate. There is danger in that boy’s eyes.”

“Alas ! I know it well,” said Iris, much moved, “and night and morning do I pray the Father of Mercies to cast out the tormenting spirit from him.”

“And yet, Iris, believing him to be thus possessed, you would link your destiny with the dreadful boy.”

“God forbid !” cried she ; “and you speak as if you believed that I would. Do you really believe it ?”

“How can I think otherwise, when I see how passionately he is devoted to you, and how much he occupies of your anxious attention ?”

“What,” said she, in a tone of reproach, “do you in truth think my interest in him is of the nature you have mentioned ?”

“ You are offended, Iris ; you have reason ; for it does seem very officious and unwarrantable thus to interfere with you. Yet, believe me, nothing but the truest friendship has impelled me to this course.”

She did not like the word “ friendship ;” but she had as yet no doubt that it was only a substitute for another.

“ No, I am not offended,” said she, without venturing to look towards him ; “ but I am at a loss : for I do not exactly understand you.”

“ You will not understand me, Iris. I conjure you, then, to break off your ill-omened engagement with that youth.”

“ My engagement, sir !” said Iris, turning round to see whether he was not laughing at her.

“ Yes,” said he, very gravely, “ surely I cannot be deceived.”

“ My engagement with that youth !” she repeated. “ Did you ever speak to himself on the subject of his attachment to me ?”

“ No, that would have been useless.”

“ Yet, if you had, you might have learned, perhaps, that so far from his suit being encou-

raged, I have solemnly assured him, over and over again, that in no case whatever could I or would I listen to it. I do pity and love the youth exceedingly; I love him as if he were my brother; and with an interest that is unaccountable even to myself; but I would rather be carried by that torrent to the deepest of its eddies, than accept him for a lover. I tremble to think of it."

She had spoken with more agitation than she was aware of betraying; and Dion began to suspect the truth, and to fear that the error to which he had so readily lent himself had led both him and her into a deplorably false position. He was troubled and thoughtful. Iris, who supposed that she must have given him great satisfaction by what she had said, and that he was only hesitating how to declare himself waited with patient reliance till he should speak.

The pause was long, and began to be awkward; of her lapful of withered leaves, the very last was gone on its voyage. The silence was preserved so long that she felt half provoked, and half amused, but did not for a moment doubt that her hope had prospered. She was inclined to

give a turn to his embarrassment, and happening at the moment to see something glittering on his breast, she exclaimed with an infantine eagerness, "What is that ornament? let me look at it."

It was the cross of the Secret Society of the French Philadelphians, and very similar to that of Napoleon's Legion of Honour, which indeed was said to have been copied from this very badge of an association vowed to his destruction.

Dion put his hand to his breast, and drew it out to present it to her examination, but, in doing so, he disturbed from its hiding-place a very small enamelled miniature, that was suspended from his neck by a chain of twisted gold thread. It was the portrait of Dion's Vision, the resemblance of Joanna Hoffmann. It lay revealed to the sight of Iris: she did not look, did not even glance at the Philadelphian cross. She was at once wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the portrait, and turned as pale as if it were an apparition. By degrees her eyes drew nearer and nearer to it, as if fascinated by something dreadful; then, looking up to Dion with consterna-

tion, she could only say, "Tell me, tell me, who is this?"

Dion could no longer be doubtful of her sentiments towards himself. He felt all the remorse of a manly and honourable character for having unwittingly injured the heart of the Tyrolese maiden. His perplexity was extreme, but he resolved to be explicit.

"I *will* tell you, Iris," said he, trying to assume a cheerful tone, "but it is a foolish story."

She sate with downcast eyes, and listened with almost breathless attention.

When he had acquainted her with the mysterious relation between the portrait and the lady of Mollis, he had said enough; and Iris would have fallen senseless into the torrent, had he not caught her in his arms. He laid her on the sward, and lost not a moment in doing what he could to restore her, by refreshing her temples with water. His distress was grievous; and still more so was her's, when, on recovering, she saw Dion stooping over her, and recollected what had happened. He lifted her from the ground, and would have seated her against the oak tree

on the bank. But she turned from him, and said, "No, no, I will go home."

"Not yet ; dearest Iris, not yet ; it is impossible that you can walk so far."

"Oh, yes," said she, standing erect, but with her countenance turned from him, "it is no distance ; and I feel now as if I could walk to the world's end."

The brave man was affected almost to tears. He felt, in his compunction, that he was capable of making a greater sacrifice of himself than he should make by repairing the wrong he had so blindly done to this beautiful little creature ; he reflected that a sacrifice was due to her. He therefore detained her by holding her hand ; and so constraining her to hear what he had yet further to say.

"Iris !" said he, "I cannot be insensible to the real state of this case now : it would be mock humility to pretend that I am. But I have been much to blame, and very dull. You would honour me less, if you knew me better, for I cannot be worthy of *you*. But, observe, there is no contract, no exchange of vows, no word even of

mutual understanding, between that young lady and me. The phantom of such a being has indeed been my companion for years, and was the original of this little work of art; but she is only the acquaintance of a day. I have no reason to suppose that I left the smallest abiding interest in her mind. The passion is all on my side, unknown to its object, and an infatuation that I must get rid of. They say that a spell is dissolved in a running stream. I will cast this miniature into yonder torrent; and transfer my heart's allegiance to you, Iris."

"Never, never, noble Dion; but the remembrance of this generosity will kill me. Do not think me so base as to be capable of taking advantage of such an offer. To me you are purely blameless. I have been a fool. I must never, never see you more after this day. It is clear that your fate is entwined by a supernatural agency with that happy maiden of Glaris. Go. You know where to find her. Iris will implore blessings on your union. But will you leave me a token that this is not all a wild tumultuous dream, that has cheated my senses ever since I first saw you at Gais?"

“What token will you receive, Iris, when you reject myself?”

“That picture, Dion, of the favoured being whom Destiny affianced to you at her birth. It will be safer in my keeping than with the water-nymph to whom you were just now about to consign it. You may consent to spare it, as you have found the living likeness. It will be as a precious relic to me. When my thoughts rebel too proudly against this deprivation, I will look on the lovely features of your bride, and learn humbleness in their presence.”

“Indeed, Iris, she is not at all lovelier than yourself: and I do not know that she is one hundredth part so interesting, only the style of her beauty is altogether different from your’s.”

“Yes, altogether different,” said Iris, now for the first time looking up to him with a sweet sad smile; and holding out her hand for the portrait. Her eyes were full of tears, and so were his.

“Certainly,” said he, “I comply with your wish; yet perhaps I am doing wrong, for since you are determined to dismiss me, why should

you desire anything that will trouble you with reminiscences of a man who has only crossed your path to darken it."

"Not so, my friend; your presence has concentrated a whole life's happiness into the measure of a few days. I have but drunk the elixir at one draught: I will learn henceforward to be content with more sober beverage. But, if you are unwilling to part with her portrait, I will not be selfish enough to take it."

He gave her the portrait, and she hid it in her bosom. "Now go, my dear friend, farewell, and leave me."

He would have accompanied her home.

"No," said she, "I cannot go yet; I will rest here for awhile; my home is but a quarter of a league hence; I shall need no assistance."

"But I shall see you to-morrow before I go?"

"No," said she, "you must not see me again. Go, go, my friend, I am strong now, and can bear it: Heaven bless you and her; leave me, I entreat you."

With the liveliest pang that he had ever ex-

perienced, he obeyed her, for he saw that it must be so. He kissed her hand with fervent respect, and withdrew.

He was no sooner gone, than, supporting herself against the oak tree, she gave way to an agony of tears. She then sate down on the bank against the tree, drew forth the portrait, and looked at it through her still flowing tears.

She had been occupied in this way much longer than she was aware of, and quite unconscious of the neighbourhood of any other person, when a slight movement near her caused her to look round. The Saxon boy, his figure half hidden by the trunk of the oak, against which his left arm balanced him, was leaning over her right shoulder, and considering the miniature with eyes dilated with curiosity. Ever restless, he had missed Iris, and had sought her in several directions. While yet at some distance from the torrent, he heard footsteps; he stopped, and saw Dion retiring, slunk behind a tree, and let him pass; then hurried to the oak tree, and so discovered the object of his search.

Though much accustomed to his stealthy in-

trusions, her nerves were painfully startled. She shrunk from his inquisitive gaze, and hardly suppressed a scream, while she hastily replaced the miniature in her breast.

He saw that he had frightened her, and implored her to forgive him, and to disclose to him why she wept over that painting of a happy angel.

“Happy angel, indeed !” said Iris, recovering from alarm, to relapse into enthusiasm; “but she is an angel of this earth, and happy in the love of the only fitting mate for her in this ill-matching world.”

“But why shed tears over it, Iris? Had it been Dion’s portrait, and his own parting gift, as I thought it was at first, I should not have been surprised.”

“It is his parting gift.”

“But not his portrait. What a strange present !”

“No,” said she, “it is his soul’s portrait.”

“Iris,” answered the youth, “you often reprove me for talking wildly ; what must I now say to you ?”

“ Ah, poor youth, what is to you a puzzle has been to me a clue.” She drew out the picture again, and handing it to him, added, “ By the light of this sweet lady’s eyes, my vanity has read a lesson, neither to be misunderstood nor forgotten.”

“ No kind lesson can that be which has afflicted you so much. They are fine eyes, but I shall hate them for having made your’s so sorrowful.”

“ You will be ungrateful then, dear, unhappy boy, for they have taught me to pity you.”

“ Then will I bless them,” he cried ; “ but I understand nothing of all this ; do tell me what you mean.”

“ They have made me most miserable,” said Iris.

“ Then I detest them,” he exclaimed.

“ And they have thereby taught me,” continued she, “ how to feel more compassion than ever for you.”

“ Is that all ?” said the disappointed youth. “ I do not want that pity which is only bestowed because you could not love me with the love for which my soul yearns. But how has that pic-

ture made you miserable? You will not tell me that—I hate it, and its donor,” he added almost fiercely.

“Its donor, do you say?” interposed Iris.

“Do you remember who he is?”

“Yes, Dion,” he answered doggedly.

“Capricious boy! Dion, for whom you have professed such admiration and affection.”

“Yes, Dion, your new friend and mine, whom we both have loved too well, and who has made us both wretched.”

“Peace, peace, boy! were you happy before you knew him? you know that you were not.”

“Well, I forgive him your favour: I can be jealous without being either envious or unjust; I would even love him the more for your sake, if he would not cause you to shed tears. But what has that picture to do with you or Dion, and why did he give it to you?”

“My dear comrade, you, who are so quick of apprehension in many things, are very dull in others. But I cannot tell you now: you shall hear all about it some other time. Remember that Diou is your friend and my friend: that he

leaves us to-morrow, and that I shall never see him more."

"Never see him more! I am bewildered! I saw him pass. He left you to your tears: but why did he leave that picture with you? you will not tell me; the picture of a woman!"

"Because I asked him for it, inquisitive boy!"

"You asked him for it! why? who is it? Is it his sister?"

"No."

"His wife then?" said the boy, with a scowl that was demoniac.

"No, no, he has no wife," cried Iris, terrified at an expression of countenance, that she had never seen his features wear so strongly before.

"No, no, he has no wife."

The young Saxon's face brightened for a moment at this intimation. "I see! I see!" he cried, "but alas, Iris, are you too a victim of despair?"

He then repeated her last words, several times, as if muttering to himself, while looking at her:

"He has no wife! he has no wife!" at last he added with a calm energy; "Iris, he shall have no wife but you; I will be your priest."

Iris was more alarmed than she had ever been by any of the strange humours of her young visionary ; for indeed her fears were always for him, and not herself, for he was never violent, even in his most wild or exalted moods. But she was now frightened for Dion ; and for herself, as well as for him : she had often dreaded that the boy's mind would fail : and she was now persuaded that a paroxysm of madness was about to seize him. She looked at him with suffused eyes, and a flush of terror was on her cheeks, but fear gave her courage : she took his arm, and said, " To be sure you shall ; let us go."

" Yes," said he, looking at her most fondly and pensively ; " let us go, sweet Iris ! what a wretch am I, to have so terrified you ! Nay ; do not deny it ; I see that you think me mad. I am not mad, dear Iris. Let us begone ; they will wonder what has become of you. But have I your permission to accompany you ? you shall return alone if you are afraid of me."

His manner was so composed again, and his voice so tenderly reproachful, that she no longer had a fear for her own safety.

“No, sir,” she replied, with an attempt at gaiety, “you shall not get off so easily. You shall go home with me; and you shall have a lecture all the way, and another from my uncle at the end of it; for I will report your waywardness, and all your foolish conduct to him.”

He smiled, and they proceeded; but not another word did either utter, till they reached the dwelling of Hofer; for Iris was too oppressed at heart to be able to rouse herself to inflict the threatened scolding, and the youth relapsed into meditation.

When they reached the door, he said,—

“Iris, you have forgotten your lecture, and as to your uncle’s, I will hear it another time. Good-bye till to-morrow; repose your spirits, and be yourself again; all will go well.”

He said this cheerfully, but would not be persuaded to enter the house.

She was no sooner safely lodged, than he repaired in quest of Dion, and readily found him under the hospitable roof of one of the master herdsmen with whom he had resided for some days past, at the distance of less than a league

from the house of Hofer. Finding him alone, he addressed him without preface.

“ You are quitting us, noble friend.”

“ Yes, and with great regret,” answered Dion : “ but my mission in the Tyrol is so far happily accomplished, and I must go.”

“ You depart richer than you came.”

“ Yes,” said Dion, “ in the friendship of many brave men who will soon, I trust, be the liberators of their country.”

“ You bear away with you a brighter jewel than man’s friendship ; the heart of a woman, Dion ; the best and loveliest, the truest and the most guileless, of the good and frank-hearted maidens of Tyrol.”

Dion, believing the youth’s jealousy to be his only warrant for what he said, would have led him away from the subject, but that was not to be effected. The Saxon rapidly explained to him how he had surprised Iris in the contemplation of the picture, how he learned that it was his gift, and the inferences that he had drawn from her reluctant admissions, and from her manner on this as well as on many other oc-

casions. He assumed no tone that could be in the least degree offensive, though it could not be but very annoying to Dion. The strange boy had come to plead the cause of Iris against that of the lady whom the portrait represented. He declared that for himself he would be thenceforth quite satisfied to be assured of the happiness of Iris with the man of worth who had found favour in her sight ; and that he would compress his own passion within the limits of fraternal regard ; that he would vow even never to intrude on them more if they wished it, for he lived only as he would die, “and who would not,” said he, “for the happiness of Iris !”

Dion might have had, as the boy supposed, a partiality for another, before he saw Iris, or even later, till he was convinced that he was the man of *her* election ; but after that, he could not be so insensible to the rare felicity of his fortune as to think of any one but her. There could be no human being in the universe that could have any pretension to be her competitor.

“You will soon return and marry Iris, brave and happy Frenchman,” he concluded, “and I will go home and die contented.”

Dion saw that it was quite useless to argue with so pertinacious an advocate. The case, as settled, was sufficiently thorny without this aggravating interference.

But the Saxon, on the subject of Iris, above all others, was not to be dealt with as a person of common sense, nor yet to be put aside as an impertinent trifler. Dion thought it prudent to seem to acquiesce in his views.

“ I must go back to France,” said he, “ on urgent duty, and I cannot return before spring.”

“ You will then return.”

“ Yes : but I should not like to leave you here all that time. Your presence would not tend to the tranquillity of Iris. She loves and pities you too much.”

“ Well, well ; I understand ;” said the youth, “ but I am no longer your rival ; and you know that you would have nothing to fear from me, if I were. But I will go home.”

“ Do you promise me that ?”

“ I do. I will set out to-morrow.”

“ But will you keep your word ? Iris complains that you have not always been faithful to your promises.”

“ I swear it, then, by her sweet self ! and that is an inviolable oath. But when will you come back from France ? ”

“ Next March, or about that time, if I am master of my own movements. ”

“ Agreed, ” said the youth ; “ and I, if I live, will then return hither, too. ”

“ But not till then, ” said Dion.

“ No, not till then, be assured ; ” said the boy, with a mournful smile at the groundlessness of Dion’s supposed fear of leaving him behind as a rival, or having him as one during any part of his absence.

Dion was well pleased with the result of this interview : he experienced the gratification of a diplomatist who has gained, by his address, an important concession unexpectedly.

He did not again see Iris ; but, in a most respectful and affectionate letter, he informed her how he had, beyond hope, succeeded in persuading the Saxon to go home. Dion trusted that, when a few months should have passed, he himself might be permitted, notwithstanding her present intention to the contrary, to see her as a

friend ever to be held by him next, at least, in estimation to one to whom a mysterious chain had bound him so long.

The poor Saxon youth, perhaps distrusting the constancy of his own resolution, took a brief and hurried leave, not only of Dion, but of Hofer and his niece, that very evening; and, having slept at a herdsman's, a few miles on his way, continued his journey home next morning, while Dion travelled in an opposite direction.

CHAPTER VII.

There passèd by a bridal pomp,
A bridegroom and his dame—
She speaketh low for happiness,
She blusheth red for shame.

MISS BARRETT.

“How fares my betrothed, the tall Maid of Glenredding?”
“Sir Knight,” said the priest, “you’re too late for her wedding.”

DION had retraced his way to Hohen-Ems, and, by the quiet aid of his friends and his own judicious management, had made good his retreat out of the Tyrol. He had already got some way beyond the very spot where he had passed the night some weeks before. The day was clear and keen, but the prospects around him had lost almost every softening feature of beauty, and had now to his eyes as much of horror as of grandeur; for his spirit was op-

pressed with melancholy : he had left an aching heart behind him ; and that consideration, under all the circumstances so painfully flattering to himself, so cruelly unfortunate for Iris, made him feel as if he were unworthy both of her and of his Vision at Mollis.

He had often turned round to look on Hofer's mountains, and now, having arrived at a point that commanded a noble view of them, he sate down facing them. Not far from him ran the river Nihlert, travelling from Montafun to join the Rhine, which was winding along, narrow, and not clear, but graceful. Nothing could be finer than the back-ground of the picture, the Vorarlberg and Tyrolese Alps ; but it was all " as a landscape to a blind man's eye," for his thoughts were in the modest dwelling of Hofer, commiserating Iris and quarrelling with himself. He was not a vain man ; but he was sure, from what he had observed of her, that the impression which he had made was not on a light and girlish fancy, nor soon to be effaced.

He rose, and turned away hastily, and pursued his journey ; no outlines could be more fantasti-

cally shaped than those of the great mountains in his view; nor could Alpine scenery, at this late season, be more interesting any where than on the whole of his steep way to the little orchard village of Lientz, and thence up the banks of the Rhine to Wardenberg, and again to Sargans under the Schollberg.

He passed the night at Sargans; and, the next morning, having in no degree recovered the elasticity of his spirits, he hired a carriage to convey him to Wallenstadt, and, burying himself in the clumsy vehicle, arrived at that little deep-set town, without having once looked out at the huge craggy wildernesses of mountains and valleys, whose November green was like April verdure.

It was yet early, and he wished to navigate the lake rather than to proceed by land. The boatmen, however, after preparing the boat, refused to go, because the wind was fresh and adverse, and the water dangerous. He knew their intrepidity, and could not dispute the matter with those hardy fellows; so he betook himself to the hills that coasted that magnificent sea-green Lake of Wallenstadt, which is bordered

by stupendous rocks and mountains, where the true Eagle of the Alps has her favourite throne. Tanned woods and orchards, nearly leafless, and little plots of sloping meadows, were on his way; but he heeded these milder features of landscape as little as those of loftier aspect; mountains, whose separating abysses were now glaring depths of snow, while their own white heads were hidden in lurid clouds.

Had Dion's mind been in its usual state of quick sensibility to such objects, he could in many places have hardly indulged it to-day, for it required all his attention to enable him to keep his footing along the steep and narrow edges of the water-banks. He arrived, a good deal fatigued, at the hamlet, or rather *hutlet*, of Mullhorn; where, at the porch of one of the rudest of dwellings, most picturesquely situated on a rocky prominence over the lake, he refreshed himself with indifferent wine, coarse bread, and the green herb-spiced cheese, Shabzaker, for whose manufacture that retired place enjoys its little celebrity.

The dairy people would kindly have dissuaded

Dion from continuing his journey that day, but, as they could not detain him, they insisted that he should take one of them as a guide; for no stranger, they said, could safely trust himself alone in the direction in which he was going, in such weather as their experience assured them he would presently have to encounter.

They were right. From Mullhorn the ascent was difficult for a considerable length; and, before he had got far, rain and sleet began to dispute his passage by driving furiously into his face. The guide advised him to retreat; but some such difficulty to be contended with was what was necessary for him, to rouse his mind from torpor. He breasted the hindrance stoutly, and felt invigorated by the exertion.

Having surmounted the height and dipped some way down on the other side, he rested where several felled trees partly overhung a declivity that was at once rocky, grassy, and sylvan. A more beautiful prospect could not be beheld. The violence of the shower was past, the rain but scarcely falling, the sun breaking forth with lukewarm brilliancy from masses of clouds, the

lake (not the banks merely, but the water itself) “green as an emerald;” two or three white sails were on it; bright clouds lay motionless among the stupendous peaks, which were here coloured with a soft blue, there craggy and grey; a rich and vivid rainbow was arched across the lake; and, to complete all, a beauteous, exquisitely beauteous, waterfall opposite was dashing with solemn roar into the very lake itself.

Not one of the lineaments or even accidents of this landscape is imaginary; they are given as they were sketched fresh from the life, of which the more ethereal delicacies were but hastily fleeting vapour.

Dion, in silent rapture, thanked God, who had made the world so beautiful. His thoughts now travelled over that rainbow-bridge to Mollis—to that fairest Vision of his now reanimated hopes. The bow faded away as he still sat musing, and the guide interrupted him by a notice that they had yet some arduous way to go, and doubtful weather to walk in.

They proceeded; floods of rain soon came rushing down; their course seemed more straitened

and slippery at every step. Dion sliddered along the edges of precipices till he was giddy ; and, in one instance, but for the brawny clutch of his dairyman-guide, would have gone headlong over a sheer fall of thirty or forty feet into the water. Soon afterwards they arrived at a chalet, where they took shelter for awhile ; but, as the clouds only seemed to look blacker every moment, they sallied forth again through torrents of rain, and about six o'clock in the evening arrived, thoroughly drenched, at Mollis.

Dion dismissed his guide, with as handsome a gratuity as he could afford, and proceeded at once to the house of the priest, and knocked gently at the door. It was opened by old Dorcas.

“ Glory to your guardian angel,” said she, when she had sufficiently considered him to be sure of his identity ; “ what work you give him ! Where have you come from, on such a day as this ? Come in, come in : what a plight you are in ! you look as if you had been fished out of the lake.”

“ I was very nearly becoming food for the fishes in it, Dorcas ; and should certainly have

been so, if my guardian angel had not put on the shape of a brave dairyman of Mullhorn. But, thank God, I am here. Where is Father Xavier?"

"He is at Monsieur Hoffmann's: I will send for him. In the mean time you must go to bed, and give me your clothes to dry. Where shall we find a wardrobe for you? My master's things will be too wide. Oh, I have it—you can have every thing from Monsieur Hoffmann's."

"No, no," objected Dion; "rather than that, I will consent to lie in bed till you have dried my clothes."

"Very well," said she; "be quick about it, or you will get your death of cold."

She ushered him into his old apartment, provided him with suitable linen, and was withdrawing, when he said—

"Is all well with Monsieur Hoffmann and his family?"

"All well—quite well; take this glass of cherry-water."

"Not a word to them, Dorcas, of my being here."

“ Very well — but make haste, throw your clothes out into the next room, and get to bed, and go to sleep while I dry them.”

Dion thought the sleeping part of her commands impossible : he did, however, very exactly and literally obey her orders : he threw out his clothes, closed his door, got into bed, and went to sleep in less than five minutes.

Dion was awakened in about two hours by the jovial priest, who embraced him with the liveliest joy, bade him rise, and come to supper. These commands also he obeyed, and dressed himself, not in his own clothes, but in the only suit that lay at his bed-side, a very complete and elegant one, which had been obtained from Monsieur Hoffmann’s in spite of Dion’s prohibition.

“ Whose clothes have I got on ?” he inquired.

“ Never mind your clothes, my dear Dion,” said the Priest, “ let us go to supper.”

Dorcas’s attendance precluded any grave conversation during their meal, nor would she leave the room for two minutes together, so delighted

was she to wait on Dion. So, after other general inquiries, he returned to the question,

“Whose clothes have I got on?”

“Hoffmann’s,” replied the Priest.

“Impossible ! I hope not : it is too ridiculous. Besides, Monsieur Hoffmann is a very tall man, and these clothes would not fit him. They are also of the last Parisian fashion, and too youthful for him. He dresses gravely.”

“What are you talking about?” said the Priest ; “they are not the father’s, but the son’s, Albert Hoffmann’s.”

“What ! is he here then ?”

“Yes, and luckily for you, is too great a coxcomb ever to travel with so scanty a wardrobe as you do. He is just your size.”

“When did he arrive at Mollis?”

“Five days ago : the day before his sister’s wedding : he only came for that, and is obliged to rejoin his regiment in Bavaria directly.”

It was some time before Dion could articulate another question. He tried, but he felt choked. At last he stammered out :—

“The day before what?”

“His sister’s wedding,” said the Priest; “you cannot have forgot that sweet girl already.”

“To whom is she married?”

“Oh! to a very amiable person, an old acquaintance, though a young man, Monsieur Boyardo of Wesen, commonly called in this neighbourhood, ‘Bashful Boyardo.’”

“Four days ago, did you say?”

“Exactly.”

“The very day that I gave her picture to Iris,” murmured Dion.

“What did you say?” demanded the Priest, staring

Dion made no answer. The Priest resumed,

“Why, now you neither talk nor eat. What is the matter with you?” No answer.

“Dorcas,” said the Priest, “take these things away, and leave us a flagon of the old Bordeaux. Our traveller is tired; we must recruit his spirits, and we must send him to rest again soon. Get his bed ready.”

Dorcas was a shrewd, as well as a most worthy and kind-hearted, woman. The effect of her master’s communication on Dion was not lost on

her, for she observed him narrowly, having by no means forgotten the affair of the picture that he had left under his pillow, and reclaimed so eagerly, on his former visit. As a faithful domestic, she had informed Monsieur Xavier of the particulars, which seemed rather to disquiet him, but he enjoined her to be silent on the subject to the Hoffmanns, and of course to every body else.

Dorcas removed the supper with more than her usual slowness and method, and then placed a flask of wine, and two tall figured goblets on the table, all the while casting studious looks on Dion's countenance, which was pale and almost ghastly. As she was retiring from the room, she said aloud to her master :

“ You have not told Monsieur Dion, that it is Mademoiselle *Ignatia* Hoffmann who is married to Monsieur Boyardo.”

Dion jumped up ; and, throwing his arms round her, and exclaiming, “ My dear, dear Dorcas,” kissed her fine, though somewhat withered, cheeks, again and again, as if she had been a Hebe.

“ Mad ! mad !” cried the Priest, stumbling to

his feet, and separating them with droll indignation ; “ Why, sir, I remember you had the face, when you were here before, to tell me that you would kiss Dorcas, and now you have been as good as your word. Pray, what does all this mean, Dorcas ?”

“ Mean, indeed !” replied the housekeeper, affecting to bridle up. “ I suppose he mistakes me for Mademoiselle Joanna.”

She left the room laughing.

The Priest sat down, puffing with astonishment, which seemed to make his small eyes large ones, while he still kept them fixed on Dion, who was likewise reseated, and almost convulsed with laughter from sudden joy, shame, and merriment.

“ Well done, most illustrious Dion !” said his Reverence, who sate with his right leg crossed over his left leg, and with hands clasped on his right knee, as if he was afraid of falling to pieces in his surprise. “ Truly, if your namesake of Syracuse was not more platonic in his flirtations with his spectral old woman than you are with my dame, his broad-shouldered friend, Plato, must have been scandalised.”

“I beg your pardon, my good friend,” answered Dion, still laughing; “I really do not know what possessed me to take such liberties.”

“Liberties, forsooth! libertinisms you mean!”

“Pshaw; you take the matter too seriously; it was merely a frolic:” said Dion, in a tone of apology that lost its efficacy by the provoking cachinnation with which it was accompanied.

“I really do not see the jest,” said the Priest.

“Nor I either,” replied Dion; “and it is that which makes me laugh.”

“A profound reason,” muttered the Priest, surlily.

“Well, well, never mind; but do tell me all about this marriage,” said Dion.

“Ay, Joanna’s marriage; it was that that set you off.”

“Joanna’s! you don’t say Joanna’s!” exclaimed Dion, now quite serious again.

“And what if I do say Joanna’s?” said the Priest, who marked his advantage, and was mercifully determined to impale him on tenter-hooks as a slight punishment for his impertinence to Dorcas.

“You meant to say Ignatia,” insisted Dion.

“ I said Joanna, I tell you.”

“ But it cannot be ; Dorcas expressly said that it was Ignatia.”

“ I am Dorcas’s and your very humble servant,” answered the Priest, now in his turn laughing, though in his sleeve only, and pretending to be mightily affronted. “ If her word is better than mine, I have nothing more to say.”

“ Do you then give me your word,” said Dion, “ that Joanna is married ?”

“ What odd questions you put !” said the Priest, evasively ; “ what is it to you whether she is married or not ? Now answer me that, sir,” he answered with pompous emphasis.

“ Monsieur Xavier,” said Dion, “ it is everything to me—it is happiness or misery, it is life or death.”

“ What a shame it is, then, to torment the young gentleman so !” cried Dorcas, intruding her head only from behind the door which she had suddenly half opened. “ Monsieur Dion, Joanna is not married.”

The Priest, whose good humour had returned, was, however, a little nettled at his servant’s

boldness, and turned his head round to scold her; but her's had already vanished, and the door was shut again.

Dion this time controlled his rapture, and sate still.

“ Well, then,” said the Priest, “ since Dorcas is so well pleased with your gallantry to her that you must be told the precise truth, Ignatia is married, and Joanna is not. I am glad to hear your frank confession of an honourable passion for the latter, though I cannot tell you whether it will prosper. I have not been altogether so ignorant of some of your proceedings about her as you suppose; and I must now beg you to tell me where your acquaintance with her commenced, and to explain how you became possessed of her portrait, which Dorcas found under your pillow when you were here before. By the bye, I could very well understand why a gentleman, who wore a young lady's picture, should be delighted to hear that she was not married in his absence; yet that is no good reason for such an obstreperous assault as you made on my housekeeper's face. But come; you and I, who are yoked to-

gether in the cause of loyalty and public good, as well as attached by personal regard, must not forfeit each other's esteem by any collusion injurious to private principle. I have been very uneasy about that picture-story. It is my duty to promote, as far as I can, the temporal welfare of my flock, and my especial duty to watch over their eternal interests. Now this dear girl, Joanna, till lately the gayest and most ingenuous of my young parishioners, has utterly foiled all my attempts to get an explanation from her. I took care, indeed, not to tell her that I knew you had her portrait, because it was just barely possible that you might have it without her knowledge. To every question that I have asked on the subject, whether of her or her sister, the reply has invariably confirmed her first assertion that she never, to her knowledge or remembrance, saw you till that day when you met at Galganen. I have sometimes thought that you might have seen her at Zurich, where Monsieur Hoffmann has a house."

"I never was at Zurich in my life but once," said Dion, "and then only for a day and night,

nine or ten years ago. I was then not fifteen years old."

"Well," said the Priest, "I thought that you might have been there; that you might have taken a fancy to her, and employed an artist to steal her likeness for you without her concurrence, or even consciousness. I have known such things to be done for youths who had more egotism, or perhaps sentiment, than discretion; but I could not, without great difficulty, suspect you of such folly. I am quite at a loss, and I call on you, for the honour of Monsieur Hoffmann and his family, as well as for your own and mine, to clear up this matter."

"Father," said Dion, "I possessed that picture at least four years before I ever beheld or heard of Joanna Hoffmann. You look incredulous; well you may. Yet how then am I to make you believe the wonderful fact that I have to tell you? You know why I am called Dion."

"Yes; not only because you would strive to be a liberator of your country, but because you have had, like Dion, a female Vision to attend

you—a strong, though idle illusion, whether optical or purely fanciful.”

“ So far you are prepared ; but what will you think when I add that, for the last ten years, that vision has not forsaken me ; that Isabey painted it, above four years since, under my directions, with the assistance of an ancient oil-painting, which it much resembled, of an exquisite hamadryad, in a collection at Antwerp ; and that I beheld the breathing counterpart of my Vision in Joanna Hoffmann, when I, for the first time, saw her at Galganen. This is a marvellous story, but it is true.”

“ Not so marvellous, after all,” said the Priest. “ I thank you for the elucidation of a much more perplexing mystery. Your story is somewhat extraordinary, but it only amounts to this : you have some mental standard of female beauty ; your imagination is lively, and often conjures it up before you : you see a painting which resembles your model ; from that, and your descriptions and suggestion of alterations, an intelligent artist supplies you with a miniature ; Joanna happens to be very like it—more like it

than any other girl of the many thousands whom you must have met in your extensive wanderings. It is very possible that your hamadryad may have been drawn, centuries ago, from one of her German or Italian ancestresses. Your story absolves Joanna of all art or concealment. I do not doubt one word of what you have said, my dear Dion; yet I cannot see my way at all in this affair; I must fairly tell you that I do not half like it. If you have the good fortune to cultivate the acquaintance of this young lady, of whom you know but little yet, you will find that she has sense and spirit, with an excellent disposition. But we must consider about that. What are your intentions?"

"That is a puzzling question. If you had inquired what are my wishes, the answer would be easy. I wish to marry her; but I do not know whether I ought to think of it in my present condition of a proscribed Royalist, whose patrimony is confiscated, and whose engagements as a Philadelphian confederate, too, have compelled me to courses which may yet cut short my life, or throw me into the dungeons of the Usurper."

“That is a dark view of the case certainly,” said the Priest, “and we must not rashly endanger this young lady’s happiness. But we will defer that discussion for the present. You have not shewn me the portrait. I should like to see whether it is so very like her.”

Dion was confused. After a moment’s consideration he resolved to tell the Priest all the particulars of his acquaintance with the Tyrolese maiden. He accordingly did so with as much brevity as he could, without mentioning her name, or that of any of her friends.

The good old Priest looked very serious after the relation. He pitied that fair young thing behind the Rhine, and would have advised Dion to forget his Vision, while Joanna’s feelings were yet, as he hoped, unawakened towards him, and to turn his heart to that which he had left so desolate in the Tyrol.

Dion would have complied, if hearts were as easily transferable as portraits; but it was not in nature—that one passion of his soul owned him not for master.

They closed their conversation with a dis-

cussion of the secret political projects in which they were both interested, and then went to bed.

The Priest passed a most uncomfortable night. After what he had heard of his guest's passion for Mademoiselle Hoffmann, and the explanation of the strange story of the picture, and when he considered how many serious obstacles, in his guest's circumstances and actual position, opposed themselves to Dion's union with Joanna, his sense of honour was alarmed. The more he pondered the difficulties, the more he became convinced that it was his duty to make some communication to her father. He resolved, therefore, to get up early, and to see Monsieur Hoffmann before Dion got up. But his cogitations having kept him awake for many hours, he only fell asleep when the cold dawn glimmered; and when Dorcas came to call him, she found him, contrary to custom, in such a profound sleep, that she thought it right to leave him undisturbed. It was much later than usual, therefore, when she roused him. The Priest charged her not to awake Dion, and finding it so late, hurried his toilet, and set off for Monsieur Hoffmann's,

But Dion, whose evening sleep of two hours had refreshed him, had awoke early, and having no inclination to remain in bed, yet being unwilling to disturb his host, and remembering that his window was near the ground, dressed himself very quietly, opened his casement, got into the garden, and, as there were not now any gensd'armes to evade, and as he was not aware that the Priest had paid his bill at the inn, it occurred to him that he might take that opportunity of clearing his score with the landlord. He therefore proceeded towards the inn.

In his progress towards it, Dion passed by the house of Monsieur Hoffmann. Whether it was exactly in his way, or rather out of the line, it is not worth while to inquire; but he was very fortunate in choosing that direction, for Monsieur Hoffmann (whose son, Captain Albert, had already rode off to visit Ignatia and her husband at Wesen) was taking the air in the shrubbery before his residence, and, seeing him approach, politely went to meet him, cordially greeted him, and invited him in.

Monsieur Hoffmann told Dion that it had been

his intention to pay his respects to him after breakfast, as he had been apprised overnight of his arrival, but that they would now, if agreeable to him, breakfast together.

Nothing could be more agreeable to Dion ; in his delight he even forgot that it might be civil to send word to his reverend host not to wait for him. It therefore happened that when the Priest was ushered into the apartment he found his guest Dion, whom he had, as he thought, left in bed in his own house, very comfortably breakfasting with Monsieur Hoffmann and his daughter, Joanna, the Lady-Vision.

The strangeness of the fact was easily explained ; but the worthy Priest was vexed ; and his disquiet was not allayed by his observation during the morning meal of the modestly subdued, but too manifest pleasure, of the young lady, in Dion's company.

The poet of Memory, and of *Human Life*, asks, with exquisite subtlety, in one of those prose notices which none but a poet could have written, “ whether it is not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, the most

beautiful in the presence of those they love?" and he adds, answering his own question, "It calls forth *all* their beauty." Such was the effect on this occasion. Joanna, who was dressed with even more than her usual careful simplicity, had never, even in her father's eyes, looked so lovely; and, as he was not yet aware of any very particular reason for inquietude about Dion, he could not but occasionally look at them both with admiration.

But the Priest saw mischief in the beauty thus reflected, as it were, from one countenance on the other; and he resolved to lose no more time in putting Monsieur Hoffmann on his guard. For this purpose, no sooner was breakfast over, than he requested to speak with him in another room. There was something like inconsistency in thus leaving Dion and Joanna together; but it could not be helped, and would be for a short, and perhaps for the last, time.

He represented to Monsieur Hoffmann, in general terms only, what his apprehensions were: he said nothing of what Dion had told him of his vision, of the picture, and of the Tyrolese

maiden ; but he plainly stated that his friend had overnight declared his passion for Joanna ; and he left it to her father to decide whether it should be discouraged or not, after what he had to inform him of the condition and prospects of Dion. He was a Marquis of a very ancient and honourable name ; he had been a highly distinguished associate of the Duke D'Enghien ; was an especial favourite of Louis XVIII., and of the Comte D'Artois, and his sons, and of other members of the expatriated royal family, by whom he was trusted in affairs of delicacy and moment. All this was very favourable to him ; but it was to be added, that he was also a man proscribed, his estates in France were forfeited, his income depended on precarious supplies, he was deeply engaged in political intrigues, which might bring him to the scaffold ; and such would assuredly be his fate, if Napoleon's police could lay hands on him ; and that was not unlikely, as he was often in France, and even now on his way thither.

The Priest had hardly concluded this sentence before Monsieur Hoffmann hastily replied :

“ Thank you, thank you, my good friend ; all

this time Joanna and the young gentlemen are together. Let us go to them."

The pair in question would have been well pleased if uninterrupted for some time longer; but even in that short conference, of looks more than words, their hearts had spoken to each other in language that was not misunderstood.

After some desultory conversation, the Priest proposed to Dion that they should take their leave, and he could not but acquiesce, as Monsieur Hoffmann had all at once become formal, and did not invite him to prolong his stay.

As soon as they were in the street, Dion would have turned towards the inn, with the object before alluded to, of paying the landlord, whose premises he had so unceremoniously quitted some time since; but the Priest informed him that he had done that for him the same night, and that he just now desired his company at home.

When there, he frankly told him the subject and substance of his conversation with Monsieur Hoffmann. Dion was grieved, but not offended. He was too honourable not to admit that the Pastor, though somewhat quick in this move-

ment, had taken the right course; yet he could not persuade himself that it would be wrong to seek to come to some explanation with Joanna before his departure; for at that moment, when Napoleon was on the pinnacle of his power, the brave Royalist anticipated his speedy downfall with the faith of vehement desire.

He was still meditating how he should act, when he was pleasurablely surprised by a visit from Monsieur Hoffmann, not three hours having yet elapsed since they left him. His manner, if not so cordial as before, was perfectly courteous, and he invited Dion, as well as the Priest, to return and dine with him, that he might introduce his son to the former. He added:

“I have just left my daughter at her aunt’s, Madame Beyer.”

This was what is vulgarly called “a damper” to the offered entertainment. Dion and his friend, however, were punctual to the engagement, and, on their arrival, Monsieur Hoffmann presented his son in due form to the stranger.

Captain Albert Hoffmann was one of those military exquisites who fancy themselves per-

sonages ; who are fastidiously consequential, who are self-assured without ease of manner, and haughty without dignity ; the same all over the world, whatever their difference of costume ; who, by their air, exact respect before it is denied to them, and have a swagger even in their smile. But Captain Hoffmann, as he seemed to Dion, was a German dandy of the French school : he was padded, mind and body, with conceit ; and the pigeon-breast, for which he was indebted to his tailor, a prime artist, seemed but the natural inflation of the pride in his bosom, which his coat, succinctly buttoned, could hardly keep from bursting out.

He bowed, when introduced to the stranger, with a condescending frigidity that was meant to be civil, and then twirled and twisted the hairy “favourites” of his upper lips with an air of self-satisfaction, as if he had accomplished some feat worthy of notice ; for he looked with triumphant importance round him, and then twisted his moustaches again, and tossed up his head like a war-horse, as if his nostrils demanded homage of the air.

First appearances were thus far against him, and Dion, a man of the world, who had seen many hundreds of the genus, charitably set him down for a fool. But he was mistaken; for the Captain had as much common sense as most of his neighbours, and was, moreover, a brave soldier, and “a good fellow.”

The courteous indifference, or perhaps it should be called the indifferent courtesy, with which the stranger acknowledged his patronizing inclination of the head, and then addressed himself to the father, as if he had already had enough of the son, piqued the vanity of the latter, and then alarmed his good-nature. He turned to the priest, who was looking on; and when he saw the merry grin of that shrewd observer, whose physiognomy he understood, he was a little abashed. The good-humoured pastor, who knew that sterling worth lay disparaged under the Captain's fillagree of manner, recalled Dion's attention to him, by saying,

“Monsieur Dion, do you not think that this gentleman is young to be a captain in the French service?”

“Yes,” said Dion, a little sarcastically, “he seems to be *very* young.”

“He is only just promoted to a company in Oudet’s new regiment.”

Dion looked earnestly at Captain Hoffmann.

“In Oudet’s regiment, did Monsieur Xavier say?”

“Yes,” replied the Captain, “I am one of the officers of General Oudet’s own selection, and am on my way into Germany. I have got only two or three days’ leave to visit my friends in passing.”

“In Oudet’s regiment!” repeated Dion, thoughtfully; then in a very low tone he added, “Oudet is a man to serve under; but he, and those whom he honours with his favour, must be prepared for more blows than come in fair fighting.”

Captain Hoffmann looked keenly at him, and said, in the same subdued tone—

“I know it; but *flints strike fire in Menalus*.”

“*Honour wears a mask*,” said Dion.

“*Swords have scabbards*,” replied the Captain.

Dion and the Captain, who was no longer a

stiff dandy, embraced with the cordiality of Frenchmen. They had exchanged Philadelphian pass-words, and knew each other for brothers sworn ;

By the Magic Star
Of Freedom blest,
That arose afar
In the fulgent west,
In the west that rose,
In the east that set,
But its radiance throws
From the westward yet :—
By that Magic Star
Are the Brothers sworn
To do and dare
Till its light return :—
To do and dare
With head and hand,
In peace or war,
By sea or land ;
In the lurking mine,
On the bristling fort,
In the serried line,
At the supple court,
Till the nations all
From their thraldom burst,
And the Star recall
Of the course reversed !

Dion and Captain Hoffmann, then, were both

Philadelphians, and both patriot friends of the Philadelphian Chief, Oudet. Yet nothing could be more at variance than the political principles and views of the two men. Captain Hoffmann, in spite of his aristocratic blood, and the opinions of his family, was of the school of Oudet, as he understood him ; that is, of the republican school. His early service, as a conscript in the revolutionary ranks of the French army, had bent his chivalry to that bias.

Dion was also of the school of Oudet, so far as *he* understood him ; that is, he was a true Royalist, and a Member of the Royalist Alliance, which had only affiliated itself to the Philadelphian Society on an understanding with Oudet, and others of its leaders, that, by the aid of that extensive confederacy, the Bourbons might be restored to power, under such limitations as the republicans would consent to, rather than rekindle a civil war in France.

Oudet, who was as subtle as he was brave, had the art of conciliating all parties that were opposed to Napoleon. Thus Dion and the younger Hoffmann were both conspirators against

the French ruler, but of very different classes, though promoting the same object by the same means. Dion not only had never directly or indirectly pledged his faith to Napoleon, but he had expressly and openly, as well as privately, avowed and demonstrated his hostility to him on all possible occasions. If he resorted to arts and disguises, *that* was no more culpable in him, an avowed and proscribed enemy, so long as he abstained from, and discountenanced all projects of assassination, than the stratagems practised and admitted as fair warfare by all belligerents. But Captain Hoffmann was in a less handsome position ; he was a vowed soldier and officer of the Ruler whose power he and his confederates were intriguing to subvert. However detestable the tyrant and his tyranny may be, perfidy and perjury, which are the black ingredients in almost all conspiracies, and inevitably in martial conspiracies, can never be patriotic virtues.

But wilfulness has a logic of its own ; and intriguers in secret conclave, having but one Conscience Politic among them all, and being all equally responsible for her health, and, therefore,

each the less so in proportion to their numbers, seldom trouble themselves much about her qualms ; expediency is the convenient drug, administered, by general consent, for all her complaints, and lethargy, the convenient consequence, is soon induced. Each several member is, in his own opinion, an honourable man ; “ so are they all, all honourable men ;” and each has a private and individual conscience, whose remonstrances he respects as to his conduct in his particular relations with society.

Captain Hoffmann, for example, would have felt himself disgraced by any flagrant violation of the decencies of life ; but his self-respect was in no degree disturbed by his compact with traitors against a prince, whom he and they had sworn to serve and defend, and from whom they derived the subsistence and authority that enabled them to do him mischief.

After dinner, and when coffee and *chasse* had been served, Captain Albert retired, that he might go and take leave of Madame Beyer ; after which, Monsieur Hoffmann addressed himself to Dion something to the following awful effect.

“Our relative position, Marquis, is considerably altered since we breakfasted together this morning. You will excuse me if I tell you that, after some discourse that I have had with our excellent friend here, though my esteem for you is even greatly augmented, I feel it to be my duty as a parent to request that you will forbear to express to my daughter those sentiments which I understand you would do her the honour to cherish for her. Indeed, she will not return home while you are here. I have consulted my sister, Madame Beyer, on the subject, and she is decidedly of opinion, from what I have told her, which is precisely what our friend related to me to-day, and no more, that the acquaintance between you and Mademoiselle Hoffmann should drop for the present. Is it too much to ask you, then, to give me your word that you will not attempt to see her?”

“That is a request very mortifying to me,” said Dion, “but it is tantamount to a command. I will not by any means intrude on the attention of Mademoiselle Hoffmann, without your permission. But would Madame Beyer honour me

so far as to allow me to state my own case to her, and would you consent to my doing so?"

"To my sister, yes. I see neither harm nor use in that. She will no doubt be very happy to see you; but not till to-morrow. Mademoiselle Hoffmann will then be gone on a visit of a few days to Wesen, to her sister, Madame Boyardo. May I inquire what is the nature of the communication that you wish to make to my sister?"

"My principal motive in wishing to see her, is to obtain her promise, if possible, not to prejudice my suit with her niece, if I should return hither hereafter in such prosperous circumstances as may justify my urging it. And I think that is a favour which I may also presume to ask of you."

"I think I can answer for her, as well as for myself, in the affirmative to that, provided always that my daughter in the mean time hears nothing about the matter; for I cannot consent to have her happiness dependent on the issue of such very uncertain fortunes. For your own sake, likewise, I would advise you to relinquish all

further thought about my child ; now too the only child of my home in my old age. But you shall certainly see my sister, if you wish it. And now, sir, I thank you, and again assure you of my cordial respect and good-will to serve you."

Here the conversation on this topic ceased ; and both the Pastor and Monsieur Hoffmann were better satisfied with it than Dion, who however felt assured that he should ultimately succeed.

Madame Beyer, who lived about a mile only from Mollis, was a childless widow of considerable wealth, and Joanna was her adopted favourite. The latter by no means admired nor understood the plan of just then sending her to Wesen, and would much rather have returned home. She was so ingenuous that her aunt had easily discovered that the stranger, whom she was beginning to forget, had produced a very decided impression on her by his re-appearance ; and she persisted in her opinion of the prudence of sending her out of the way : which was accordingly done early the next morning. Madame Beyer, however, had been greatly interested by Joanna's lively description of the Frenchman,

and she was touched to perceive tears standing in the eyes of the gay spoiled child, when she took leave of her.

In spite of the just maxims of worldly prudence that guided her care of Joanna, she was already prepossessed in favour of the French marquis, for even Monsieur Hoffmann had told her that he was a young gentleman of most distinguished appearance. But when her brother presented him to her, she was utterly amazed, perhaps at his beauty, perhaps on some other account also.

“Poor Joanna!” thought she, “I fear our precautions are too late. That face again! I cannot be mistaken: it is most singular.”

Monsieur Hoffmann left Dion to tell his own story: and, after some preliminary phrases of usage, he did relate a story which thrilled her every nerve, connecting it as she did with another incident, which she forebore to mention. The Priest had assured him that he might trust her with any degree of confidence, for that she was a most honourable and generous, as well as dignified, character. But he did not tell him that

she was also a very German for romantic mysticisms. Though she had no personal weaknesses that at all impaired the respectability of her age and character, she still sympathized with the romance of youth ; and a tale of predestined passion, such as Dion narrated, was delightfully congenial with her fancy.

She blamed him for having parted with the picture.

“ Had you brought that, it must have been, I think, even to my brother, who knows of course nothing of all this, a voucher that his daughter’s destiny was woven with stronger thread than he or I ought to meddle with ; yet Dorcas, you say, saw the picture the morning after you first saw Joanna ! But you ought never to have resigned that miniature. And to that poor little girl ! I fear I cannot hold you blameless there either ; you should have been more cautious not to ensnare her with your graces. But, after all, from your description, I suspect she is no woman, but a witch of the forest : those woods of the Tyrol used to be full of them ; perhaps she is the only one left.”

Dion sighed, and shook his head. "No, madam, she is a very real and affecting human being. I was singularly unfortunate in crossing that bright little creature's path; but she will, I trust, forget me for some far worthier person."

"Let us hope that she will forget you," said Madame Beyer.

"You will observe, madam," said Dion, "that I have not mentioned even her christian name, and that I have not stated to what family she belongs; and I would have suppressed that part of my story altogether, if I could, without it, have truly accounted for the picture being no longer in my possession."

"Yes; do not be afraid that your delicacy is impeached; you have stated no more than was necessary. It is altogether an extraordinary affair; I almost wish that my niece Joanna could have heard your narrative. But I am not sure that I ought to wish it, as yet, at least."

Dion, exceedingly gratified by the affability of Madame Beyer, related to her as much more of his history and circumstances as he could without breach of his political vows. These latter

were of such a nature as made it imperative on him to return to France, and to incur great hazards. But Madame Beyer assured him that she had the utmost confidence not only in his honour but in his good fortune. She advised him, however, to release himself, if he could do so handsomely, from the trammels of such fearful obligations ; she even hinted that if he could cast them off within any reasonable time, he might return with a hope of renewing his acquaintance with Joanna, even though his hopes of a brilliant change in his fortunes, by the restoration of the Bourbons, should not be realised.

She asked him if he had any idea how soon he was likely to pay their friend, the Priest, another visit ; he answered, that he believed not before Spring ; but early in that season he hoped to re-pass through Glaris.

She informed him that her brother and herself would probably spend the Christmas at Zurich, and not return to Mollis till the end of February. She then carelessly asked him if he were acquainted with Zurich.

He said that he had passed through it some nine

or ten years before, when his father had sent him to a tutor at Vienna. But his stay at Zurich did not exceed a day or two, and he had no acquaintance there.

“We have many friends in that town and neighbourhood,” said Madame Beyer, “and at some favourable time, I hope we shall present you to them; for we live there a good deal occasionally, but we find this a quieter retreat in this age of turmoil; and our thus choosing to reside in a democratic Canton relieves us from many suspicions and annoyances to which our station might subject us in another sphere.”

Dion thanked her with all the elegance that was inherent in him, and withdrew. Having gained so much, and leaving so powerful an advocate, in this new friend, he bade adieu, in a few days afterwards, to Madame Beyer, Monsieur Hoffmann, and the Priest, and returned with a lightened heart to his perilous avocations in the Jura.

CHAPTER VIII.

Young knight, whatever that dost arms profess,
And through long labours hunttest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice, and change of thy dear lovèd dame.

Fairy Queen.

ABOVE three months had elapsed since Dion's departure from Mollis. Madame Beyer, Monsieur Hoffmann, and his family, had returned from Zurich. Madame Beyer was expecting Dion's return with some anxiety ; for, though she had compelled herself to refrain from exciting Joanna's mind by disclosing to her any part of the history of Dion's passion for her, and had even, at Monsieur Hoffmann's request, and by the advice of the priest, suppressed the fact of her having had an interview with him, she could not but perceive that her darling niece was a more pensive and very much less sportive

person than she had been, up to the date of her last meeting with the French stranger.

The restless youth of Narremberg had already returned to the Vale of Passeyr, in the Tyrol : having, however, remained at home long enough to keep his parting word with Dion. He had found Iris much altered since he saw her : beautiful, still, as imagination can paint a nymph of air drooping over a fountain, under the arch of a rainbow formed by the sun upon the spray, and of beauty that seemed destined to evaporate almost as quickly.

Iris received him with melancholy tenderness, and tried to rally her wounded spirit, but in vain. He would sit at her feet for hours, and watch her without speaking, till he fancied that he could see her fading away before him. It did not escape his vigilance that she sometimes turned aside and looked, as if she would look unseen, at the picture in her bosom.

He, one day, taxed her reserve with unkindness, and pleaded his right to be the sharer of her sorrows. He urged her so fondly and so gently, (for he appeared to have lost all his vehe-

mence) that she yielded to his entreaties, and even felt relieved by conversing with him about their equally unhappy fate, and the singular history of the portrait that was like an adder in her bosom, yet cherished the more the more it stung her. She told him all that he did not already know of the story, and ended by exclaiming, “Happy Joanna Hoffmann, of Mollis.”

The youth generously tried to console her by reminding her that Dion would soon return to the Tyrol, and might be daily expected, according to the promise that he had given him at parting. Iris explained that Dion’s return could in no way affect her, as she had determined never more to see him; that she had told him so; and that he had acquiesced in the necessity of a total estrangement; and that he had only withheld the fact from him, and appeared to assent to his suggestions, because he saw that he could not otherwise pacify him and persuade him to go home.

“I can tell you all this now,” said she, with a languid smile, “because you are grown so good, so mild, so reasonable. You shall be, as I have

often assured you, the very brother of my soul, if you will always be thus amiable."

"And Dion shall be the husband of your soul, dearest Iris. Have I not sworn it?"

"Why now you are getting wild again. How can you utter such foolishness, after what I have told you, and in the face of this magic picture?" said she, holding it out to his close gaze.

"It is a false spell, and the emblem of a foul sorceress," he exclaimed, snatching at the picture: the golden cord was snapped, and the youth vanished with his prize.

Her faint scream brought persons into the room. "Stop him! Stop him!" she cried; and, as soon as she could command more words, she explained herself sufficiently to set them on pursuit. But the fugitive was not overtaken, and did not reappear.

After the first shock of consternation, the alarm of Iris gradually subsided in the idea that the poor enthusiastic boy had absconded with the portrait, because he had worked himself into the belief that there was something fatal to her in its possession; and, when he had not returned

after two or three days, she still thought he absented himself to avoid her reproaches and her demand of its restitution. He was so eccentric that it was not improbable that he had gone home again, and would not come back at all. Yet she could not but feel and express fears about him to her friends, from whom she at the same time withheld all allusion to the miniature, while her heart's anguish was sharpened at the loss of it.

Hofer and his friends had honest regard for the youth, but they did not pay much heed to his moods, nor had any of them the least conception of the nervously affectionate interest that Iris felt for him, though they could see that she had inspired him with a devotion, at which they smiled as one of his harmless whims. Not one of them suspected her own hapless love for Dion; a passion by whose fiery process her very frame was as if refining into spirit. Her uncle and those about him were busy with speculations of too absorbing importance to allow of their being nice observers of the fluctuations of a boy's caprices, or the pining of a love-lorn girl.

Advices, which Hofer had received from Dion, transmitted verbally to and by an agent at Ems, assured him that he might soon expect him in the Tyrol, to assist him in the noble enterprize that he contemplated. Dion's arrival at Mollis, which would not be out of his way to the Tyrol, was also, as we have seen, looked for with some anxiousness by Madame Beyer.

One evening, when Monsieur Hoffmann and his son-in-law, Monsieur Boyardo, had not yet returned from Madame Beyer's, where they dined, Joanna and her sister Ignatia, seated opposite to each other by the fire-side in a large saloon of their father's house, were discussing the following adventure. — They had walked part of the way to their aunt's, with Monsieur Boyardo and their father. As they went out, a young man, who was standing under an ancient cedar-tree, nearly opposite the gate, was observed to look earnestly at the young ladies: he even crossed the road, and so got a nearer view of them in his transit. It was a rudeness not worth resenting, and the gentlemen made no remark upon it. When they had accompanied their

relatives about half a mile, the ladies left them and returned, because the two gentlemen only were going to Madame Beyer's that day. As they were walking back, the sisters, referring to the person who had looked so hard at them, agreed that they had seen him before, and Ignatia declared that she perfectly well recollected where ; it was at the Festival at Einsiedeln, a few months before, and she reminded Joanna that they had both been struck by his uncommon, but not unpleasing, air, while he and some other German students, his companions, strutted among the crowd.

Just as Ignatia had said this, the very person appeared again from behind some trees that were near the road, and, again intercepting them, glanced quickly at them and then at something concealed in the palm of his hand ; and then peered into Joanna's face, and passed on. They were much frightened, and hastened back : but once safe under their father's roof-tree, they retained only enough of their alarm to give a zest to the subject.

After talking it over for some time, they had

jestingly made up their minds that it was some German student whom Joanna's splendid eyes had struck as with a *coup-de-lune* at the Festival.

"No doubt," said Joanna; "I remember him well, now: I am very proud of my conquest, for I was provoked at the little notice he then took of me: he must have been awe-stricken and puzzled to see such a goddess attired in vile woollen.—But what could he have had in his hand, this afternoon?"

"Ah, that is the fear," said Ignatia, trembling: "who knows? There is something awful in all mystery. And the fire is low. How dark it grows! Do, Joanna, let us have lights, and more wood put on the fire. Hush, I hear something moving."

Joanna rang, and answered, "Nonsense, my dear Ignatia; what a coward you are! It is the wind fluttering at the casements—but you frighten me."

The sisters listened and said no more till lights were brought, and the windows closed, and the fire fed. They were then courageous again, and resumed the subject.

“ I should really like to ask that impertinent young man what he meant, and what he had in his hand,” said Joanna.

The door of an apartment adjoining the saloon was noiselessly opened, a figure glided forwards, and the young man stood before Joanna, at a few paces.

“ He is here to answer,” said he, in a gentle tone. The ladies sate for a moment stupified ; but Ignatia, generous even in her terror, recovered quickly, rushed forward, and stood between the intruder and her sister. Joanna faintly screamed and would have rung. The youth of Narremberg, swerving aside from Ignatia, prevented her.

“ Hush, hush !” said he ; “ I come with no evil design ; but, if you raise alarm, I must immolate you on the spot. Not you, lady,” turning to Ignatia ; “ I could have desired your absence ; but, as you are here, be silent, I intreat you, and be a witness. This is what I had in my hand,” addressing Joanna again ; “ look at it ; it is your portrait.”

Joanna, almost paralysed with fright, recog-

nized her own features. He then shewed it to Ignatia ; and both sisters, so far as they could reflect at all, were confirmed in their supposition that the person was some crazed artist, who fancied himself in love with Joanna, and had painted her portrait by stealth or from memory. But his manner, even when he had menaced the latter, was not violent—it was not even hurried ; they felt constrained to listen to him while he addressed Joanna.

“ You have never seen this portrait, perhaps.”

She answered, “ No ; never.”

“ Do you know the history of it ?”

“ No, as I appeal to Heaven.”

“ It was painted by the foul fiend to juggle a Tyrolese maiden out of her right to the heart of Dion, and both him and you out of your salvation. You know the Frenchman who is called Dien. His guardian angel, who has delegated his authority to me, put this portrait into my hands, and desired me to find you by it at Mollis, and to call on you to swear by the blessed cross, on this cruciform dagger, which he also gave me, with a command to sheathe it in your

heart if you refused the oath, or broke it, thus to say to Dion, in answer to the first words that he shall address to you : ‘ *Go to the dwelling you know of, near the Oak of the White Torrent, and plight your troth to the Tyrolese maiden, whose heart you have left breaking.*’ Lady, swear that you will do this : swear it on this dagger, and I will leave you unharmed, and never molest you more.”

All this passed so speedily, was said so softly, and the youth’s eyes blazed so supernaturally as he held the weapon by the blade, while he presented the handle to the maiden’s lips, that, seized with an irresistible impulse, she faltered out, “ I swear,” and kissed the dagger’s hilt, at the moment that Ignatia, who had stood petrified with amazement, had recovered herself sufficiently to interfere ; but she was too late to prevent her.

“ It is well !” said the youth ; and, without further word or ceremony, he departed.

The sisters were sure that it was an apparition, and Joanna said that her lips were on fire from the touch of the cross-shaped steel.

It was some time before they dared to think

of calling for human protection ; and they had not yet done so when their father and Monsieur Boyardo returned. To them they related what had passed. The servants were summoned and questioned ; not one of them had seen a stranger, or been aware of any visiter to the ladies.

Monsieur Hoffmann, who did not believe in ghosts, ordered the male domestics to examine every room and closet in the house, and every outhouse, tree, and shrub, on the premises, and, taking his pistols, assisted in the search. His son-in-law, who had never heard of Dion, and who, as “ Bashful Boyardo,” had often been fooled by Joanna, thought it was some farce, which she had enticed his wife to assist her in getting up. As he was a person, however, who, though he was timid with ladies, had no fear of men, he quietly armed himself with a cudgel, and went out alone to the inn, hoping to find there the person who had stared so uncivilly at his wife and her sister on the road that afternoon ; and resolved, if he found him, and discovered that he had followed up his rudeness by

the alleged audacity of frightening them in their father's house, to disable him from a repetition of the offence for some time.

On inquiry he learned that such a person as he described had been there for two nights, and that he had left the house, after paying the landlord's charge, only about half an hour before. Scouts were then sent on the different roads, who probably did not trouble themselves to go far among the mountains in the dark, and were likely to miss any one who chose to avoid them, if they did.

The next day, by order of Monsieur Hoffmann, the chase was renewed with better hope, but with no better success, for they might almost as well have pursued a phantom as the wandering youth of Narremberg.

The two sisters, who had been companions all night—for Joanna would not go to rest unless, as of old, with her sister Ignatia — came to the breakfast-room with looks so jaded, that it was more 'or less obvious to their father, and to Monsieur Boyardo, and to the Priest, who had been called to council, that they had not slept.

It was true that they had lain all night awake whispering, trembling, and listening, in dread of some strange visitation. But they had been well guarded, for their father, without intimating his intention to any one, had sate up, watching till dawn, near enough to succour them at the least alarm.

Monsieur Hoffmann greeted each of his daughters with a kiss of even more than ordinary fondness ; Boyardo would have rallied them on their supposed combination to stultify the household ; and the Priest, the only one of the party who had heard of the Tyrolese maiden, and her possession of Joanna's picture, but to whom Dion had made no particular mention of the Saxon youth, was more puzzled than them all. He suggested that they should adjourn to Madame Beyer's, and talk the matter over with her ; but Monsieur Hoffmann had already despatched a note to her, and the proposal was hardly made before she arrived.

When Madame Beyer was informed of what had happened, she, who knew exactly as much as the priest about Iris and the picture, but to

whom also Dion had said nothing of the young Saxon, because the rule of the Tyrolese Society, to which he had been affiliated, made him cautious as to unnecessary disclosures about any one who had been a party to his initiation, was of course equally perplexed.

“ My friend,” said she, turning to the Priest, “ perhaps we have been silent too long as to what we know of circumstances that relate to this affair ; but now we had better continue silent till the arrival of the person whom we daily expect, and who may clear up the mystery. In the meantime, with my brother’s permission, Joanna shall be my guest—that is, if she have no objection.”

“ My dearest aunt,” said Joanna, “ do not be offended, but I feel as if I dare not leave my father : do let me stay at home.”

“ Well, then, child,” said Madame Beyer, “ let me be your guest if you will not be mine. I will stay here for a few days.”

“ Oh, that will be delightful ! thank you, my dear, kind aunt,” said Joanna. “ It is very foolish, but I dare not leave home.”

“ Well, my dear,” said Madame Beyer, “ I do not wonder at it ; but it is useless to brood over all this mystery, which we can make nothing of, till the return of the Marq—— of the French gentleman, Monsieur Dion. I will not leave you till he arrives.”

At the expiration of three or four days, Dorcas once again opened the door of the manse to the Priest’s expected and most welcome visiter, Dion, who announced, however, that he could only stay there for one night.

The Priest, who had probably agreed with Madame Beyer on the course of proceeding, requested him, as soon as he had rested and taken refreshment, to go with him to Monsieur Hoffmann’s ; a proposal unexpected and most grateful to Dion.

In the saloon, to which a servant conducted them, they found Monsieur Hoffmann, his sister, and Joanna, who all stood up on their entrance. After receiving and returning the compliments of Monsieur Hoffmann and Madame Beyer, Dion addressed to Joanna some few words, expressive of his extreme delight at being per-

mitted to see her again ; but her reply was, to him, the most extraordinary imaginable.

“ *Go, sir,*” she said, distinctly, though her voice was shaken and her cheeks were crimsoned, while her eyes, instead of regarding the person addressed, were fixed on the floor—“ *Go, sir, to the dwelling you know of, near the Oak of the White Torrent, and plight your troth to the Tyrolese maiden, whose heart you have left breaking.*”

Having uttered this oracular injunction, she sank back to her chair, penetrated with shame at the unmaidenly boldness to which she had been compelled, and full of anxiety to hear the stranger’s explanation.

Dion was, for once in his life, so completely taken by surprise, and so astounded, that he could not in the least hide his confusion. He looked at her and then at every other person in the room, with a perturbation, which was not allayed by his perceiving that all eyes, except Joanna’s, were fixed on him ; and that Monsieur Hoffmann’s, in particular, wore an expression of suspicion and severity. Had the priest and

Madame Beyer betrayed and misrepresented him? Yet, even to them, he was quite sure that he had not named Iris, nor mentioned a syllable about the White Torrent. He had merely related certain incidents, without local description, or mention of any name or place whatever.

“Madame,” he said, at last, to the aunt, “you cannot have turned my confidence to an unfriendly use; nor you, Monsieur Xavier.”

“Not at all,” answered the latter; “neither Madame Beyer nor I have mentioned a word of what you told us, either to Monsieur or to Mademoiselle Hoffmann: and, on one point, we are as much in the dark as they are.”

Monsieur Hoffmann felt it due to his daughter that Dion should not be kept in suspense as to the cause that had made her address him in so singular a fashion. He explained, therefore, that it was in acquittal of a vow extorted from her at the dagger’s point, and he gave a brief account of the particulars. Joanna, thus vindicated, now had courage to look up.

Dion’s grief and indignation were great. He asked permission to relate, in the presence of

Mademoiselle Hoffmann, as well as of the rest, the whole truth of the matter. Monsieur Hoffmann assented; and Dion, at the risk of being prolix, recapitulated every fact and circumstance connected with his Vision, and the portrait, and the manner and progress of his acquaintance with the young Saxon and with the Tyrolese maiden, and the test to which his firmness had been put in the wood, and his mock-arraignment for murder, and its consequences. He omitted nothing but the names of the parties concerned, and the political nature and objects of the Society that had so severely tried him. He concluded by saying, that he had no doubt that the young Saxon had furtively obtained the portrait from Iris; and that the use which he had made of it was entirely without her knowledge, and would overwhelm her with grief and shame, if she were made acquainted with it.

Joanna, to whom almost the whole of a narrative, of which she was so strangely the heroine, was new, attended to it with the silent eagerness of a girl, who, for the first time in her life, reads a volume of romance, whose interest increases at

every page, and hurries away her feelings without one check from incredulity. Every time that Dion, in the course of his exposition, turned a regard on her, he saw that he was not only heedfully listened to, but implicitly believed. Her sensations varied during the recital, and her predominant feeling at the close of it was, perhaps, compounded of jealousy, pity, and admiration of Iris.

The rest of the audience were variously affected, but not one of them unfavourably to Dion. From Madame Beyer's mind all scruples were removed, and she was resolved to be his friend. He had previously told her enough of the general character of the political intrigues in which he was involved, to convince her that they were, however perilous or even rash, perfectly fair and honourable in him—a despoiled and expatriated Royalist, who was true to his king, and who had never sworn, nor pretended, fealty to Napoleon.

Her influence with her brother was, deservedly, so great, that when, on the company dispersing, she solicited his attention, with the priest's, she

found no difficulty in inducing him to accept the French Marquis as his son-in-law. It was agreed that he should be required to stipulate that he would withdraw as quickly as he could, with honour, from whatever engagements might make it inconvenient or dangerous to him to reside peaceably in Switzerland ; and Madame Beyer intimated her intention, on that condition, to put Joanna's fortune on such a footing as would remove all fears of insufficiency for a modest ménage till the star of the Royalists should brighten.

All this was settled to the satisfaction of every member of the family, except one ; and of all the parties concerned, except two. Monsieur Boyardo and his sweet wife, Ignatia, were satisfied. But, Joanna ! and Dion ! these were the two from whom Madame Beyer encountered, not indeed opposition, but hesitation, and denial for the present. Joanna, with a mixture of generosity and jealousy, would not accept the hand of Dion without first becoming personally acquainted with and receiving the free sanction of Iris : and Dion was bound, by a most solemn

obligation, to at least one fearful adventure more before he could even attempt, without ignominy, to release himself from the thralldom of intrigues, of which, in truth, he began to be a little impatient, now that they so sternly interfered with his happiness.

Madame Beyer was too gracious a judge of motives to be offended. The romance of Joanna pleased her fancy, and Dion's her reason, because it was a manly proof of his integrity and self-control. Madame Beyer promised to take Joanna to Gais for a few weeks, as early as circumstances would permit; and, as it was a place which Iris was in the habit of visiting occasionally, she trusted, by Dion's mediation, to effect a meeting with her there. Madame Beyer, herself, indeed, had no slight curiosity to see the Fairy-nymph of the White Torrent.

CHAPTER IX.

Advance — come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Sweet Liberty, stern Nymph of soul untamed;
Sweet Nymph, and rightly of the mountains named;
Through the long chain of Alps, from mound to mound,
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo bound.

WORDSWORTH.

It was now the beginning of April, and the Tyrol was again to prove, as it had often done before, the truth of the sayings of the Emperor Maximilian the First, and of Charles the Fifth, that Tyrol was “the shield” and “the heart of Austria.”

Dion had once more arrived at the dwelling of Hofer, in the valley of Passeyr, where he was greeted with joy and affection by that gallant man and his relations and neighbours. The Saxon youth too was again at Sand; and Dion availed himself of the first opportunity he could

of reproaching him for his visit to Mollis, and his unprecedented misconduct there. The youth justified what he had done on the plea that it was the invincible necessity of his fate ; that he was born to live and die for Iris ; that he had guiding impulses for all his actions ; and that Dion, to whose happier destiny his own and only hope of bliss on earth had been the forlorn sacrifice, should be the last man in the world to upbraid him.

But Iris did not appear. Dion at first supposed that she could not yet make up her mind to see him, and perhaps that she intended to adhere to her former declaration, that they must not meet again. He was relieved, however, and yet distressed, to learn, that she had been for some days absent at Ems. Hofer's wife and her other female friends had become so alarmed at the weakened health and spirits of their darling Fairy, that they had persuaded her to go thither on a visit to some friends for change of air and scene, and the advantage of more skilful medical treatment than could be got in the valley of Passeyr. Hofer himself had encouraged her

removal under a sure escort, and sent directions to pass her over to Gais, as soon as she could be prevailed on to cross the frontier. He would gladly have sent his wife and two children also with her to Switzerland, to be out of the way of the coming storm of warfare; but he could by no argument induce his devoted partner to leave home.

Hofer was one evening seated at the porch of his dwelling, conversing with Dion, when a courier was seen to approach at full gallop into the village of Sand. He leaped off his horse, advanced to Hofer, and whispered, "Sawdust is floating on the river."

Hofer, who had risen to receive him, embraced him, and turning to Dion, said, "It is time."

The messenger remounted his horse, and hurried away to communicate the tidings in other quarters. This was on the eighth of April. The signal announced that the Austrians were on their march towards the Inn River, and that their friends were already at Innspruck. Hofer had previously received despatches, informing him that the Archduke John was approaching from Lower Styria, preceded by Field Marshal

Chastellar, who was already in Carinthia. They were coming to support the Tyrolese. The Archduke would push his way across the Inn, and give the Bavarians employment in their own country.

That night the tocsin pealed from scores of belfries in the Tyrolese vales, beacon-fires blazed from hill to hill, and mountain to mountain ; and when the mists of morning rose, in incense to the rising sun, thousands of peasant warriors were on their knees, breathing thanks to the God of Battles, for that summons to a righteous struggle.

Every man and youth of Tyrol, who could wield sword or pike, axe or hatchet, or, in default of these, whatever rude implement of peace could be used as an offensive weapon, hastened that day to the posts assigned them, and did the work they were called on to do. Bravely and well was that work done. In five days the Tyrolese patriots had re-conquered their glorious province ; and of the thousands of their Bavarian and French oppressors, all who survived were prisoners in their hands, except the French garrison of Kufstein, on the Bavarian border, who,

cooped within strong walls, and protected by a castle on a lofty rock girdled and crowned with cannon, were chafing with the consciousness that they were, almost as much as their disarmed countrymen, prisoners of the mountain boors, for so they called them, on whom they could not venture a sally.

But we must not take more than a rapid glance at the career of Hofer and his patriots, who achieved more for Germany than all the disciplined armies of the Austrian empire, astonishing all Europe, and filling all honestly brave minds with admiration, and Napoleon's with rage and the lust of vengeance.

Dion, the French Royalist, was ever at the side of Hofer. Nothing daunted by the news of the French Emperor's successes at Eckmuhl and Ratisbonne, Hofer, a truer hero in a juster cause, had accomplished achievements as great, considering the inferiority of his means, and his narrower stage of action, with fearful odds against him; and, like Napoleon, he established himself too in an imperial palace of the Austrian Cæsars, whence, however, *he* issued only proclamations of loyalty, piety, and mercy.

This was the man whom the French denounced as a brigand, and affected to despise as a low rapacious innkeeper !

The Tyrolese Chief, having now some breathing time, applied his thoughts to the provision of further resources ; and, among various arrangements, commissioned Dion to return to Ems, to negotiate with their friend the Israelite and others, respecting money and concealed arms. This was a service of nicety and danger ; for Ems and other places of the north-western frontier of the Tyrol were now in possession of the enemy. For that reason, Dion was entrusted with the charge : he knew the place, and was a sure man.

He set out unarmed, except with a stick and a pocket-pistol, and in the habit of the humblest peasantry, that he might evade challenge by the insignificance of his appearance ; but he had hardly got out of Innspruck before he was overtaken by the young Saxon, who was on horseback, and leading another saddled horse.

“ My friend Dion,” said he, hailing him, “ solitary travelling is dull work : I intend to keep you company, and I have brought you a

horse, for it is not worth while to walk where the country is safe, so long as there are horse-roads, and while we have so many useless steeds that have lost their riders. This, for you, is an Italian charger, and I am mounted on a Bavarian. Why do you look so displeased ?”

Dion was in truth annoyed to find that he had been so watched and followed, and to have the company obtruded on him of a person who, though he had courage, sagacity, and fidelity enough for twenty good partisans, was possessed with an eccentric demon that might at any time overmaster his judgment, and make him a dangerous companion. However, he now knew the youth's ways too well not to feel that it was best to humour him ; he therefore put a good face on his displeasure, shook hands with him, and mounted the proffered horse.

“ How did you become aware of my departure from Innspruck ?” asked Dion.

“ Andreas Hofer told me that you were gone ; I at once guessed in what direction. You are going to see Iris, at Ems, now that there is idle time. It is a long way, and the latter part of it,

I am told, no longer among friends ; so I thought I would go with you, for you will not be jealous of a poor discarded rival like me."

"To see Iris !" said Dion, after a little hesitation, " why should you think so ? Do you know where she is ?"

"Yes," answered the Saxon, " and so do you, or, if not, I will shew you, for the life of Iris depends on you, and mine is bound up in her's ; so I will be a sure guide — never doubt me."

Dion knew well that she was still at Ems, the completion of her journey from that place to Gais having been prevented by the return of the Bavarians over the frontier, and their re-occupation of Hohen-Ems, and other posts along the Rhine border, from the head of Lake Constance up to Feldkerk. While these roisterers infested the ways, the wary Israelite, on whom Iris's friends relied for her safe transfer, would not venture to expose any Tyrolean maiden to the risk of insult ; last of all the niece of the man most revered by him, and most detested by them. She consequently remained with a female friend, who had accompanied her from the vale of

Passeyr, in the house of one of Hofer's friends in the suburbs of the town.

The distance between Innspruck and Hohen-Ems may be about a hundred English miles. The greater part of the journey was performed by Dion and the Saxon with celerity, as the roads, though bad, were free from enemies for so much of the distance ; but, at a village about twenty English miles from Hohen-Ems, it was thought expedient that they should leave their horses, and thence take to bye paths on foot, and travel only between sunset and dawn, so that they were not less than two whole nights in completing that part of their journey.

The two companions were within a mile of the town of Hohen-Ems at about half-past one o'clock, above an hour before sunrise, on a most calm and mildly splendid summer morning. Moon and stars shone with unclouded lustre, so that, as the pedestrians were skirting one of the fair pasture-fields, at some distance from any road, they plainly perceived a female figure in white drapery gliding about, and now and then stooping under the bows of a small plantation

that crested a smooth green bank, round the lower edge of which a shallow brook wound along clinking to the moon-beams that made it shimmer like molten silver.

As they drew nearer, unobserved, they saw that it was some young person gathering glow-worms, which she placed among her flowing tresses.* Dion, laying his hand on his companion's arm to check his advance, stopped to contemplate the fantastic creature, almost doubting whether it could be anything human. Her hair, which fell in clusters of curls on her shoulders, was spangled, as if with gems of rare green light.

Dion thought of Medusa, the deserted of the Lord of Ocean, with the snakes of remorse twisted among her beautiful locks, and could have fancied her present in the figure before him, and that those glittering gems were the serpent's eyes; he thought of Ariadne, the forsaken of Theseus, and her coronal of seven stars; but he did *not*, at the moment, think of the Maiden of the White Torrent, whom he himself had more honourably, and indeed of necessity, forsaken.

* See Note at the end.

The Saxon youth's perception was keener. At the first distant glimpse of her, he had felt that it was Iris. He whispered her name to Dion, who was electrified at the word.

“Hush, hush,” said he, “let us approach.”

They could not, however, move so quietly as not to alarm her before they reached the rill above which she stood on the other side. She turned round, saw them, and would have fled into the wood, but the Saxon cried out ;—

“Iris! Iris! do you not know me? do you not know Dion?”

She paused, turned round, and, ever looking at them intently, drew nearer and nearer to them, like one fascinated, yet in extreme terror, till nothing but the narrow stream was between them.

They would have forded the stream, but she threw out her hands as if to repel them with horror. They then stood gazing at one another in wonder and bewilderment of thought.

After a few moments of silent examination of the two companions, she bent down to the stream, hastily scooped up a handful of water with her

left hand, made the Sign of the Cross on it, crossed her own forehead, and flung towards them the water that she had blessed, as if she were practising exorcism upon evil spirits.

Dion, who had not yet spoken, and who now perceived the nature of the delusion into which she had been surprised, also made the Sign of the Cross, and implored her, in the name of Christ, to dismiss her fears, and to know them for what they were, her true and devoted friends. She sank upon her knees, clasped her hands, and looked to heaven with a sweet and grateful smile, as in acknowledgment of some petition granted, and she murmured out :

“ I prayed to see him once more, by the waters of the White Torrent, once more before my death : and here he is ! This streamlet is far away from our trysting-tree ; but perhaps it flows from that very fountain of our own wood.”

Dion, in much distress of mind, crossed the brook, and lifted the little fairy beauty to her feet, and supported her as she fondly looked up at him, while he gazed with tender melancholy on her spiritual countenance, and redundant

lengths of fair hair so whimsically jewelled. As he raised her from her knees, he could not but remark what a slight wasted little form he lifted.

“Iris, dear, sweet Iris !” said he, gently shaking the glowworms out of her hair, to which she made no resistance, “how came you abroad, and alone too at this unusual hour? you will destroy yourself by such exposure.”

“Oh,” said she, “it is only on such fine nights that I ever stir out at all. I keep myself a close prisoner all day. The evil eyes of our oppressors would be a deadlier blight to me than the night-dews.”

“But there are other dangers, Iris; you should not walk unprotected.”

“Ah, where am I to find protectors? I have left them all. But there is no danger. I never met any one before; and this is a blessed meeting,” she added, still looking at him with tender and ingenuous pleasure.

“But you are killing yourself, Iris.”

“My friend,” said she, “God forbid that I should wilfully be so wicked. Indeed, you

wrong me. This cool delicious air cannot harm me. I should be stifled in yonder gloomy suburb without it; and I never came so far from the house, never indeed beyond the gardens of the house, till to-night, when something impelled me to come hither, after I had prayed to behold you once more on earth, while I am on it."

"Many, many times, and for years to come, Iris; why will you talk of dying?"

"Because I feel that I am dying: it is the merciful will of my Creator that I should not long survive my separation from my friends, desolate and lonely orphan as I am. But I hope, through the merits of Him who died for us all, to be admitted to serener and purer friendships above; even I, poor, helpless, useless girl as I am, hope to be received yonder" — and she cast an imploring look towards the sky.

All this time the unhappy Saxon youth had stood by unnoticed, and the strange fire of his eyes was quenched in tears. Her glance now fell on him; she had never seen him weep before; she held out her hand, and said with great

emotion, "Forgive me ! oh, my brother, forgive me !"

He seized that little hand, and passionately kissed it : but the very next moment he had darted his own right hand into his bosom, and was flourishing his dagger, and not without cause.

Two of the enemy's troopers, (*chasseurs-a-cheval*,) as they were patrolling out of the suburbs of Ems in that direction, had chanced to halt on a road that ran at the back of the little wood. Voices, so much more audible at that still time than in the day, attracted their attention. They dismounted at the back of the wood, and secured the bridles of their chargers to two elm-boughs, and cautiously advanced, through the plantation, in the direction of the sound, till they reached the upper verge of the bank, and stood listening within three yards of them. Their uniforms being of dark green, they were not distinguishable from stumps of trees so long as they stood still under the shade of the branches.

It was probable that the two *chasseurs* understood little or nothing of German, the language in which the conversation between Iris and her

friends had been held : if so, they must have been a good deal puzzled at the scene ; and perhaps they might even have thought that they had timely come to the succour of a damsel in distress.

Just at the instant after Iris had held out her hand to the Saxon, they emerged from their post under the trees, and one of them shouted, “ *Qui vive ?* ” They stood forth, fully revealed in the moonlight ; and they had not long to wait for an answer, though not of the usual one, *Amis*, nor indeed any verbal reply at all. The startled Saxon looked up at them ; one glance was enough ; they belonged to a regiment that was notorious for the merciless advantages it had taken on every opportunity of success in the Tyrol ; it had not only refused quarter to insurgents who had thrown down their arms, but had massacred unarmed peasants and even women, and committed other horrible excesses.

The young Saxon knew the uniform well ; without a word, and with almost the rapidity of the thought that stung him to the act, and therefore, of course, heedless of his disadvantage of

ground, he sprung up the bank, and sheathed his poniard in the side of the nearest chasseur, who fell prone upon him with his dead weight, nearly tumbling him into the river.

The soldier had been killed without having struck a blow, and in his fall, his body screened the slayer from the sword of his comrade, who would otherwise promptly have avenged it. Dion, surprised but for a moment, and having only a heavy stick to oppose to the horseman's sabre, advanced and parried a lunge made by the trooper over his fellow-soldier's corpse at the Saxon who was prostrate under it.

On this, the bold trooper turned on Dion, and assailed him with an energetic skill against which the defence of a stick could not long be available. Dion, aware that in spite of his very best fencing his stick must be soon hacked to pieces, felt with his left hand for the small pistol he carried in his breast, while with the other he continued to parry the chasseur's vigorous thrusts. His attention being thus divided, his eye became unsteady, and he missed his parry at a critical pass. The point of the trooper's

sword must now have pierced him, had it not met with an obstacle equally unexpected by the assailant and the assailed.

Iris, who had at first stood aloof in breathless terror, now strung her courage to the pitch of Dion's peril, and threw herself before him; the sword entered her side, her blood oozed out, dabbling her white dress, and she sunk into Dion's arms.

The soldier might then easily have despatched Dion, but he was a brave fellow, and dropped the point of his sword, and began swearing most vehemently at himself and his antagonist, for having murdered the girl.

His imprecations were soon hushed. The young Saxon had recovered his fall, which had a little stunned him: by a violent effort he twisted himself from under the dead trooper who overlaid him. He was then in a moment on his feet, and again scrambled up the bank, but only in time to witness, not avert, the fate of Iris.

At that sight, with the will of a young tiger who has just tasted human blood, he sprang up at the unprepared soldier, and tore his throat and

face again and again with his newly handselled dagger. The man fell groaning ; and the Saxon leaped upon him, and repeated his stabs on the breathless body.

All this was the work of about three minutes. Iris lay dead in the embrace of Dion. She had, with a convulsive energy, disengaged from her neck the enamelled emblem of the Lady-Vision, and thrust it into Dion's hand ; then, with a meek smile, laid her head on his breast and hid her eyes, and nestled there, more like a child that has suddenly fallen asleep with weariness of play in her father's arms, than a girl who has sealed with her heart's blood the heart's truth of her hopeless love.

Dion, with that sweet burthen that was so much heavier in his arms in death than it was in life, felt with inexpressible anguish that he would at the moment resign even Joanna Hoffmann for the Maiden of the White Torrent, for the sake of restoring her to life and happiness, but for a year, or for a day.

After a while, her weight seemed to increase upon him, and made him stagger : his brain

whirled ; and he sat down on the grass in a stupor, but still retained Iris on his breast, folded in his arms. It was the first time since he had attained the stage of manhood that he had been thoroughly unmanned. He had lost all presence of mind, and might have remained there till daylight betrayed him, had not the Saxon first recovered some composure.

The young homicide had doggedly turned his back on Dion and the lifeless burthen, whom he knew it would utterly madden him to look on, dead though she was, while she lay in the arms of his rival. He remained seated astride the body of the man who had killed her, and whose features he had so dreadfully mangled, grinning and gibbering at him, and peering into his dead glassy eyes, and every now and then giving him another stab.

Presently the mania struck him that he would turn his bloody weapon upon Dion, sacrifice him, and then himself. He started up, full of that resolve ; but Dion had just laid the corpse of poor Iris on the grass, and was wringing his hands over her in uncontrollable affliction.

That providential change of position saved him. Iris was no longer in his arms, and the boy was appeased. The Saxon hurried to the stream, washed his poniard with great care, wiped the weapon dry, and then, kneeling over the corpse of Iris, adjured the visible planets in a fervent whisper to attest his vow, that that dagger should never more shed blood but to achieve the purpose to which it had been originally devoted, and from which *her* remonstrances had weaned him ; the death of the arch-tyrant, whose oppression had produced all that misery.

He then, after concealing the weapon in his bosom, with a truculent cunning prescient of after-effect and remarkable in one so young and who had but just laboured under such terrific excitement deliberately smeared the soldiers' sabres with their own blood, and placed them so as to favour the supposition that they had fought together. After this he washed his hands, then calmly took up the body of Iris, and made a sign to Dion to follow him to Ems.

He led the way, which seemed well known to him, for he never paused for an instant, and in

less than half an hour they had come through a garden in rear of the Jew's house, and arrived under cover of a shrubbery, at the house itself, where he made a signal at a back-door, knocking three times rapidly, and then, after a pause, giving one louder knock.

The signal was repeated two or three times before it was answered, and then the Jew's voice was heard from within, demanding who was there.

The answer was "Open to the Tugenbund."

The door was cautiously unbarred, Dion stepped forward to prepare the Jew, and they were admitted the moment that he was recognized.

Before the sun rose, they had buried the remains of Iris in the Jew's garden, among myrtles and white rose-trees. Precautions also had been taken to prevent all clamour about her in the house where she had been lodged in the suburbs.

When the burial was over, the Saxon youth took leave of the faithful Jew, and, pressing the hand of Dion, said in a tone that was intended to be kind, but which was not without bitterness, "Farewell, noble Dion, go back to your Lady of

Mollis, and dwell in peace with her. Remember the vow of him who, but for you, might have been more to Iris than an avenger."

He was going, but stopped and said to Dion, "Give me some money; I have not a kreutser left."

Dion gave him a few old French gold pieces, and the youth departed.

Dion was obliged to remain many days with the Jew, on the business for which he came, and found it hard, at times impossible, to give his attention to it. He sometimes sat immoveably for hours together near a little casement, through which he could look upon the grave of the Maid of the White Torrent.

The long absence of the two troopers from their guard had, soon after sunrise, caused search to be made for them; but it was not for some hours that they were found, and it was even believed that they had deserted, till the impatient neighing of their horses drew attention to the wood, and thence to an inspection of its outskirts. The missing men were then soon discovered—but how they came there—how, if they

had quarrelled, they could have chosen a slope to fight on instead of level ground—and how one of them could have received so many and such terrible gashes—it utterly puzzled the wit of the finders to determine.

In the absence of all evidence, after many conjectures proposed and rejected, the most reasonable conclusion seemed to be, that the two men had killed each other in a duel, such occurrences not being so rare as to make the supposition improbable. Their having quitted the road, tethered their horses to the trees, and the fact of their sabres being drawn and bloody, corroborated the notion. The inquest of campaigners over dead comrades in such circumstances was not likely to be strict: they were stripped and buried where they lay, and their clothes and effects upon them were appropriated as burial dues by those who performed the task.

CHAPTER X.

“Now look upon this portrait, and on that.”

Hamlet.

ON Dion's return to Innspruck, he necessarily inflicted a severe pang on the heart of Hofer by his account of the tragical fate of his niece. The state of public affairs did not allow much leisure to the chieftain to indulge his private griefs, keenly as the brave and affectionate man felt them. Iris had been in his family as some rare and precious branch grafted on their ruder tree.

The young Saxon had not returned to the Tyrol.

Half of July was now past. On the 6th day of that month, the fierce and brief campaign of 1809 had been decided in favour of Napoleon by his victory at Wagram, which immediately led to an armistice, solicited by the Austrians,

and granted to them at Znaim. But the unconquered Tyrolese did not choose to recognize the armistice. Hofer well knew that the French would now again assail him in fierce numbers, but he was resolved to stand the brunt, and prepared his defences accordingly.

Napoleon, after deputing the reluctant Saxons and Westphalians, and the subservient Danes, to the mean office of hunting down the Duke of Brunswick and his chivalry in the north, sent Lefebre back to the Tyrol with forty thousand Bavarians, Saxons, and Wirtemberghers, to retrieve the laurels he had lost there. With this formidable force, Lefebre had no difficulty in penetrating by the Lower Innthal to the capital, which he occupied without resistance. Of the fate, however, of nearly three-fourths of his 40,000, the history is as well known as of his previous discomfitures in the Tyrol. Suffice it to say, that he was soon glad to find refuge in Reichenhal and Salzburg with 11,000 beaten bullies, the remnant of that proud army.

Had Austria been as true to herself and the Tyrol, as Tyrol was to her, it is probable that

she might yet have avenged herself for past humiliations from the French, and have avoided those that were to follow. Such was the spirit of resistance that continued to be manifested against the invaders wherever they reappeared, that it is questionable whether the Tyrolese would ever again have submitted to their domination at all but for the express mandate of their own emperor who sacrificed them, most reluctantly no doubt, to the necessity of conciliating the adventurous despot who was now lording it over all Germany, from what he called, in his impudent manifestoes, “Our Capital of Vienna.”

Hofer's situation, ever since the armistice between France and Austria, at Znaim, had been anomalous and most difficult. He had still received secret encouragement and various tokens of consideration from Francis; but the command that he held in the field, and his authority as chief magistrate, were derived only from the Tyrolese people, who agreed with him in refusing to be handed back to the King of Bavaria, whose subjects, in fact, they were by the treaty of 1805, if the unprincipled exaction of Napoleon,

however formally acceded to by their own emperor, could be binding on the Tyrolese, who were no party to the agreement, and who had a right to refuse to be thus transferred.

So late as the fourth of October, nearly three months after the armistice at Znaim, which had not yet ripened into a treaty of peace, Hofer continued to be instigated to perseverance by the Emperor Francis and his court. On that day, a festival was held at Innsbruck, in honour of Hofer; and he was formally invested by the Abbot of Willau, in the great church, at the tomb of Maximilian, with a gold chain and medal, sent to him by the Austrian Emperor.

Thus encouraged, Hofer sent two trusty deputies to England, to request a supply of arms and ammunition; and cordially would the application have been favoured, had it not been impossible to convey them to a province surrounded on every side by the dense power of Napoleon. Still, Hofer was not dismayed: his agents contrived to smuggle powder from Switzerland, in spite of the vigilance of the French; lead, wherever it could be found in the Tyrol itself,

was cast into bullets ; and the arms of the killed and captured enemy were prizes that were not left to rust.

Hofer, about this time, also despatched letters to the Emperor Francis, for succours ; and forcibly urged the importance of his being supplied with the means of holding out in his mountain fastnesses until Austria should find herself in a condition to make another effort to shake off the oppressor. It was not probable that his remonstrance would now be effectually attended to, for adversity had cowed the Austrian councils ; but Hofer awaited the answer with the heart of a hopeful patriot.

Napoleon, in the mean time, had been sending forth his decrees from the Austrian palace of Schoenbrunn, and his voice made the nations tremble. His haughty soul lifted itself in soaring dreams higher and higher ; for the hour was not yet come when the portentous bubble that buoyed him aloft was to burst, and drop the crippled Titan on a paltry island in the midland sea. Yet, the hour of his fall was nearly anticipated by a boy.

The mighty Potentate, in all his glory and strength, was reviewing his famous guards. It was now the twenty-third of October. They had just marched past, and formed in column. Napoleon stood in front of the palace, surveying those compact masses of foot, “the strength of war,” whose glistening bayonets, and pomp of eagles, and tri-coloured banners, rejoiced his stern grey eyes. On his right was Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel; on his left, General Rapp; behind him a retinue of aides-de-camp, princes, and marshals.

The Austrian spectators were not numerous, and looked on in gloomy silence. From among a group of them, at the extreme left of one of the columns, a youth stepped forward quickly, and had approached till he was only a few paces from the emperor, when Berthier intercepted him, and, supposing that he had a petition to present, mildly informed him that General Rapp, whom he pointed out, would be the person to receive it after the review. The youth answered that it was to the Emperor Napoleon himself that he desired to speak. Berthier again

told him that he must apply to General Rapp when the troops were dismissed.

The intruder then withdrew a little way, and, when Berthier's eye was off him, he again advanced somewhat nearer to Napoleon than before. The French Emperor took no heed of him, but Rapp was watching his movements; and when the youth, with cool perseverance, had come almost close to Napoleon, that General, who had remarked that the stranger kept his right hand on the breast-pocket of his coat, above the aperture of which pocket part of a roll of paper was visible, called to him in German, commanding him to retire till the parade should be over, when he would take any petition that he might have to offer.

At that moment their eyes met, and General Rapp saw something in the youth's expressive of a desperate purpose. He therefore turned to an officer of gendarmes, and ordered him to seize the youth, who was accordingly arrested at the instant that he had laid his hand on the hilt of a dagger that was concealed in his breast, and which would, no doubt, the next moment have foully avenged the wrongs of Germany.

All this passed so rapidly as to draw little or no attention beyond what has been just stated. Napoleon, either really unconscious of the peril, or secure in the proximity of his suite, did not even turn his eye from the cohorts that were again in motion before him ; and the rest of his retinue, intent on the same objects, saw nothing of what occurred so near them.

General Rapp quietly instructed the officer of police to remove the young person to the castle without violence, and to keep strict guard on him there. The review proceeded without interruption, and terminated as if nothing unusual had happened.

The officer of gendarmerie then waited on General Rapp, and made his report of the weapon that had been found on the youth. The General, without making any comment, went in search of General Duroc, marshal of the palace, who, on hearing the startling adventure, accompanied him at once to the chamber to which the prisoner had been conducted.

He was seated on a bed, and seemed to be in deep thought, but not in the least fear. The

portrait of a young female lay on the couch beside him, with a pocket-book, and a purse, in which were two gold pieces, French Louis-d'ors.

General Rapp asked him his name.

“ I will tell it,” said he, “ to no one but Napoleon.”

“ What did you mean to do with that stiletto?”

“ I will tell no one but Napoleon.”

“ Had you a design upon his life?”

“ Yes.”

“ Why?”

Again the calm boy answered, “ I will tell no one but Napoleon.”

Such a circumstance could not of course be withheld from the French Emperor. General Rapp requested audience, and made his report. Napoleon, whom a dread of assassination haunted, was considerably agitated. He passed his right hand to his brow several times, and searched the looks of all who were present with the suspicious glances of a tyrant. He then, addressing himself to Rapp, in a tone of voice that sounded unearthly, and such a tone as those who heard it declared ever afterwards that they had never

heard but on that occasion, commanded that the prisoner should be conducted to his cabinet.*

The youth was accordingly introduced between two gendarmes into the Emperor's presence. He stood erect before him, deadly pale, but composed; and, though his eyes were strangely lustrous, his features were so interesting, his spare figure so graceful, and his bearing so quietly brave, that it was impossible to behold him without concern for his situation. Even the Emperor felt a passing emotion of pity, and questioned him with less severity than could have been expected.

“Do you speak French?” he first asked him.

The youth answered that he was very imperfectly acquainted with it, and the answer was verified by the difficulty with which he expressed himself.

Here was a disappointment for Napoleon; he wanted to interrogate his would-be assassin personally, and to judge for himself of the weight and tendency of every word that he should utter in reply. But he was more ignorant of German than the boy was of French. After a little con-

* See Bourrienne, whose report of the main facts of this transaction is closely adhered to.

sideration, he commanded General Rapp, who was well versed in the German language, to be his interpreter.

“ Neither add nor omit a word, sir,” said Napoleon. “ I desire my questions to be exactly put to him, and his answers as accurately rendered to me.”

General Rapp bowed obedience.

Napoleon, who scarcely ever took his eyes off the youth, from the moment that the latter was brought into his presence till he left it, now asked him his name.

The General repeated the question in German; and the youth, without looking at him, but keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the Emperor, which he continued to do throughout the examination, replied, “ Stapps.”

“ Where do you come from ?”

“ Narremberg.”

“ What is your father ?”

“ A Protestant clergyman.”

“ What is your age ?”

“ About eighteen.”

“ For what purpose did you carry a dagger ?”

“ To kill you.”

“ You must be mad, then. You are one of the *Illuminati*.”

“ I know nothing about the *Illuminati*, and I am not mad.”

“ Then you are unwell, young man.”

“ Not so ; I am in perfect health.”

“ What was your reason for wishing to kill me ?”

“ Because you have ruined my father-land.”

“ Have I done you any personal injury ?”

“ Yes.”

“ What ?”

“ You have destroyed Iris.”

“ What does he mean ?” said Napoleon, looking round.—“ Ah, that picture !” turning to one of the bystanders, who were all listening with breathless curiosity, “ let me look at it.”

It was handed to him : he glanced at it, and continued.

“ Whose portrait is this ?”

“ Iris’s.”

“ Who is Iris ?”

“ She is no more—your ambition has destroyed her.”

“How?”

“Your ferocious soldiers murdered her. She was the best, the loveliest, and the most precious of the tens of thousands of blameless persons in private life who have been, in one way or other, sacrificed to your ambition.”

“Have you ever seen me before to-day?”

“Yes, a week ago, but only at a distance. I came to kill you then; but the parade was over: I was too late.”

“Was that the first time you saw me?”

“No; I saw you last year at Erfurt, with the Emperor of Russia, several times. I would have avenged my country then; but you had not then killed Iris. She was alive, and it was she who saved you. As I stood near you, ready and willing to strike, I remembered how often her soft voice had warned me of the commandment, ‘Thou shalt do no murder,’ and I resisted the temptation.”

“I tell you, young man,” said Napoleon, in a mild, but anxious tone of expostulation, “that you are under some delusion; you have a fever, that has burnt out your senses for the moment.”

From the Emperor's manner at this part of the inquiry, it was inferred by the witnesses present that he was disposed to deal leniently with the culprit. But the youth was infatuated, and would catch at nothing thrown out to save him.

Napoleon ordered that Monsieur Corvisart should be summoned.

"Who is Monsieur Corvisart?" said the boy at once, alive to all that was said, even in the French language, though he could not hold a conversation in it.

He was informed that Corvisart was a physician; the physician to the French forces.

"A physician!" said Stapps; "he will be of no use to me. I want no doctor."

Nothing more was said till Monsieur Corvisart appeared, and asked the Emperor's pleasure.

"Be so good as to feel that young man's pulse," said Napoleon.

The physician obeyed, and was counting the pulsations carefully, when the youth, after above a minute had elapsed, interrupted him. "Am I not well, sir?" said he. "Do you not perceive that I am quite well?"

Monsieur Corvisart eyed him with surprise ; then, turning to the Emperor, observed, “ Sire, this young gentleman’s pulse is as regular as any that I ever felt. I do not doubt that he is in good health.”

“ There !” exclaimed Stapps, with a smile of triumph, to Napoleon, “ did I not tell you so ? You see that I was right.”

Every one was astonished at his self-possession throughout. Napoleon himself was at last thoroughly disconcerted by his serene audacity. He could no longer subdue his impatience. After a long pause, he said, in a voice half choked with anger, and ominous of woe to the offender, “ Take him away.”

The boy, as the gens-d’armes were retiring with him, turned back, and said to General Rapp, “ One word before I go : give me back my picture.”

The General appealed, by a glance, to Napoleon’s pleasure.

“ Let him have his bauble,” said the Emperor, harshly, and turned his back on them, and stood meditating at a window for some time after the

young bravo was led away. He then turned round, and said, as he quitted the apartment,

“ This is the consequence of fine principles ; they turn boys into assassins. Let Monsieur de Champagne know that I desire to see him.”

The minister, whose presence was thus required, was soon closeted with his master. The conference was short, though important.

After the battle of Wagram, and the armistice agreed upon at Znaim, in Moravia, whither the discomfited Archduke Charles had fled with the remains of his army in great disorder, negotiations had been opened at Raab. But, though the Austrian commissioner had been instructed to accede to the principal conditions demanded by the conqueror, affairs had lingered, and were at last suspended, because obstacles were interposed by Napoleon, who was not sincerely anxious for peace. Prince John of Lichtenstein, the Austrian commissioner, and Monsieur de Champagne, the French minister, had even ceased to meet for some days before Stapps's attempt on the French Emperor.

Napoleon now inquired in what state the ne-

gociations were. Monsieur de Champagny informed him that there was a demur about the amount of indemnity from Austria, and that the treaty made no progress.

“Let it be pushed forward,” said Napoleon; “I am content to grant peace. Do not stand out for a few millions, more or less, from the Emperor Francis. I wish the matter to be concluded, and I leave it entirely to you; but lose no time.”

The minister cheerfully retired; and was so prompt in his obedience, that, an hour after he had left Napoleon, he had not only sent off a courier to Prince John of Lichstenstein, but was posting on his way to Raab, where he arrived, and met the prince before daylight the next morning. The several clauses of the suspended treaty were again discussed, amended, and signed, by the two plenipotentiaries.

That same day Monsieur de Champagny presented the treaty to Napoleon, at his levee, and was complimented on his expedition, after the Emperor had taken a hasty and approving glance at the terms.

For the three or four days that ensued, Napoleon was abstracted and moody, and so irritable when his meditations were interrupted, that his officers and attendants kept themselves as much out of his way as the nature of their several duties would permit.

On the evening of the fifth day after the youth of Narremberg's attempt on him, he sent for General Rapp. That officer, when ushered into the presence, found the Emperor pacing up and down a stately hall of the palace with rapid strides. General Rapp stood within the door of the apartment, awaiting his master's pleasure, for a few moments before he was noticed. Napoleon then went up to him, and said,

“General, I cannot get that miserable boy-assassin out of my head. He was executed this morning.”

“Yes, sire ; this morning, at seven o'clock.”

“I have the report,” said the Emperor ; “a mere formal one. Go to General Lauer, and learn how the young miscreant met his fate. Come back quickly, and let me know.”

General Rapp obeyed, and speedily returned.

“ Well !” said Napoleon, eagerly, “ how did he behave ? What accomplices had he ? Did he repent, and confess ?”

“ No, sire,” replied Rapp, with some hesitation, which the Emperor impatiently reproved.

“ Go on, sir ! go on ! I wish to hear the exact truth. Tell me all you have heard.”

The General, who saw that, in his master’s present temper, he must not pause to cull phrases, proceeded sturdily.

“ When he was removed from your majesty’s presence, on the evening of the twenty-third, food was offered to him, and he accepted it ; and when questioned, then and afterwards, he answered freely that he had no confederates, and reiterated what he had affirmed to your majesty. He slept well that first night ; but, from the next morning till this, when he died, he neither slept nor took nourishment. Nothing could induce him to receive sustenance ; his invariable answer was, ‘ I shall have strength enough to die.’ When he was informed that peace was all but concluded, he trembled excessively, and seemed to be in despair ; but he rallied, knelt, and fixing his eyes on the ceiling,

audibly prayed to be forgiven for having failed in the work to which Heaven had sent him, and implored that a surer hand might have the same commission. When brought to the scaffold, he cried out, with a force that was amazing, when nature ought to have been exhausted by his long fasting and vigil, ‘Liberty for ever! Germany for ever! Death to the Tyrant!’ Those were his last words—but he was mad, utterly mad; a hospital for incurables would have been fitter for him than the scaffold.”

“So,” said Napoleon, severely, “you, too, General, think that I am a tyrant for not having spared this fanatic.”

“No, sire; I only doubt whether it was worth while to make a martyr of a maniac. Yet perhaps he is well out of the way. But you wanted to know the truth, and I have told it,” answered Rapp, with the dogged bluntness of a man who resents rude treatment.

“And I thank you, General,” replied the Emperor, with a condescension that, from its sudden contrast with his previous brow-beating manner, was sure to produce a conciliatory effect,

when he chose to employ it, after he had used a favourite roughly.

He again paced up and down the room, and continued speaking as he walked.

“It is inconceivable! No confession! no confederates! It is impossible that he can have told the truth. The rash stripling must have been prompted by some of those secret infernal societies. The more I think of it, the more I am perplexed. What! a boy, a German, a person educated, the son of a Lutheran minister, to imagine such an atrocity, untutored! I cannot believe it. The Italians are accused of being a nation of assassins: none of them have ever attempted my life.”

“I thought,” said General Rapp, “that a villain sculptor, called Ceracchi——”

Napoleon interrupted him:—“True; I forgot. I had sate to the fellow at Milan for my bust; and his gratitude for the honour made him pay a visit to Paris, some years afterwards, for no other purpose than to try whether I, too, was made of marble. But that scoundrel’s chisel was never so near me as this whipster’s knife.

Why ! there may be scores of such young zealots in Vienna ! hundreds, perhaps, in Germany ! no doubt their universities swarm with such hornets ! —You may retire.”

Napoleon, some minutes after the door was closed, on the General, suddenly halted before a painting that hung among others on the wall of the apartment. He stood gazing at it in deep reverie for a long time. And what was the subject of his contemplation ? The painting was a likeness of Maria Louisa, and he was cogitating nothing less than the project of that astounding bigamy, by which the soldier of fortune was to become the son-in-law of the potentate whom he had shorn of power, the prince whose armies he had scattered, whose treasury he had impoverished, whose vast states he had overrun and devastated ; whom he had personally insulted by letters and proclamations, both before and after he had, for the second time, driven him from his capital, and occupied his palaces — the representative, too, of the oldest and proudest sovereign house in Europe !

He ordered the portrait of the young Arch-

duchess to be taken down, and carefully packed ! In a day or two afterwards he set out, taking it with him, on his return to Fontainebleau ; not waiting even to ratify the preliminaries of peace, which were not yet quite ready for his signature. He gave orders that they should be despatched after him to Munich ; and, accordingly, it was there that he signed them.

It was believed that Napoleon's haste to get out of the Austrian territories was caused by a notion that the example of Stapps might prove infectious among the *têtes montées* of the Austrian youth ; and it was moreover suspected that Stapps's attempt was not even without its influence in suggesting to him, however illusively, that his surest defence against German hatred would be the hand of an Archduchess of the German empire.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a *moral* end for which they fought ;
Else how, when mighty thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution, an enlivening thought?

WORDSWORTH.

It would be painful to follow the traces of Hofer's progress closely from this point to the termination of his earthly career. It is well, therefore, that this story, now near its close, does not require those details.

The courier that he was so eagerly expecting from the Austrian Emperor at last arrived, and delivered to him a letter, signed with the imperial sign manual. He devoured its contents with avidity, turned pale, as if sickened with disappointment, and handed it to Dion. The letter contained the following words:—

“ TYROLESE,

“ It is my wish that you should be quiet. Misunderstandings among my brothers, and the

hostility of Russia, have compelled me to make peace.

“ FRANCIS.”

“ This, then, is the reward of our struggles !” exclaimed the patriot chieftain, when his indignation found speech. “ This, generous Dion, is the gratitude of princes ! No word of thanks, of regret, of condolence ! not a word allusive to our future lot ! but *that* is clear enough : we are the Bavarian’s again ; and the French will again volunteer to be bear-leaders and dancing-masters to us, wild beasts of the Tyrol as we are : but they will find us the same stubborn and dangerous bears that they have so often found us. Good Heaven ! is it, indeed, come to this already ? Not a month ago, the Emperor sent me tokens of his approbation ; and I have, as you know, received three messengers since, from his ministers, all urging me to persevere. Last winter I was at Vienna, and there we completed the plans of this most just insurrection. Twice before had I been at the Austrian Court on the same business, since we were so wretchedly bartered to the Bavarian in

1805. Well, well, Francis could not help that, perhaps: but they always received me with eagerness, and pricked my purpose with fine words of the glory I should gain by becoming the saviour of Tyrol, perhaps of the empire. I wanted no such spurring. Then, what promises they made me! I required none but that of their fidelity and support to our cause; this promise too they made, and how have they kept it? They deliver us up to worse than death, and forbid us to die with arms in our hands!"

Dion, equally stung with this last disappointment of his long cherished hopes for the Bourbon cause, had not a word of consolation to offer, and listened in deep sympathy as Hofer continued a complaint, which was the first that he had heard from his lips since he had become acquainted with him.

"Twenty years ago, my friend, when I was only three-and-twenty years of age, I first forsook the shade of my own mulberry-trees to attend the Diet as representative of my native valley of Passeyr. I had served my country faithfully before, and have been true to it ever

since. During the former contests with these French and Bavarians, I was thought worthy of a gold medal of honour and the order of Maria Theresa: they were bestowed on me by the Emperor. Richer rewards I might have had; but what can a true Tyrolese need but the approbation of his lawful sovereign, and a harmless life of industrious freedom in the valleys of his own Alps? Besides, I never could pay court to courtiers; and I have always pitied, as much as I have loved, my emperor and the archdukes, surrounded as they ever are and will be with timid or selfish men, placemen and place-hunters, who never tell an unwelcome truth, or give a wholesome counsel at the risk of loss of favour. Forgive me for talking of myself at this moment. Such as I am, and as you know me to be, a loyal subject and patriot, is almost every one of my fellow-Tyrolese. There is hardly a man among them who would not die for his Emperor and country. The women are as good subjects as the men, and the very children are taught loyalty as soon as they can lisp. And these are the people who, after all their devotion to the Em-

peror, are delivered up like herds of cattle to the goad of the Bavarian ! Shall we then forsake our Emperor, because he has forsaken us ? No ; we will serve him yet with heart and hand, in spite of this cruel letter, which must have been dictated by the imperious necessity of his ill-fortunes.”

Tears started to Hofer’s dark eyes, as his indignation began to melt in the recollection of his Emperor’s distress : he grasped Dion’s hand for a moment, and turned away to question his own thoughts in private.

Every fresh courier confirmed the fear that France was resolved to regain the Tyrol for Bavaria. A few days convinced Hofer that it was utterly impossible to maintain his opposition ; for proclamations, as if from the Austrian Emperor himself, were posted in every public place, and distributed through the country, enjoining the Tyrolese to lay down their arms : and all kinds of benevolent inducements to submission were also held out to them in the proclamations of the French and of the King of Bavaria. Hofer found his forces dissolving rapidly under

the influence of those deceitful appeals to the credulity of his honest countrymen. He would have rejected every insolent proposal that implied any right on the side of the oppressor ; but he could not feel justified in continuing a hopeless resistance, with daily diminishing numbers, not against Bavaria only, but against the power of France, now at leisure, and ready to pour in, army after army, upon the devoted Tyrol. He therefore demanded from the French a cessation of hostilities, that his countrymen might return to their respective homes unmolested.

The demand was gladly complied with ; but, almost immediately afterwards, the Bavarians, in mere wantonness, set fire to the village of Zirl. This rekindled the spirit of the Tyrolese in the Upper Innthal. They rose upon the barbarians with irresistible energy, and achieved another memorable triumph. The estimated amount of the penalty paid that day by the Bavarians for the conflagration of Zirl was no less than the sacrifice in killed and wounded of 9,000 men, and the surrender of sixteen pieces of cannon.

This was the last successful effort of the Tyrolese. Lefebre, the General whom they had so often defeated and disgraced, was again in the country, with a force more than amply sufficient to enable him to take the vengeance for which he thirsted ; and, in contempt of his own manifesto, and of the stipulations of Napoleon his master, he soon shewed that his thirst was not easily slaked. The alleged atrocities of Lefebre and his soldiers on this occasion, as on every other opportunity of cruelty that he had in the Tyrol, have, it is to be hoped, been grossly exaggerated, for they are too horrible to dwell on. He might have learned better policy from the result of his brutality in Spain the year before ; for this was the man whom Saragoza had so signally spurned from its walls at the first of its two famous sieges.

The struggle was over in Tyrol. Hofer and Dion parted, after having embraced like friends who did not expect to meet again on earth.

Dion, accustomed to disguises, escaped into Switzerland, where he was far from being out of danger.

Hofer for a while concealed himself in a hut

of his own construction in a distant recess in the mountains, where the Alpine winter would have protected him from all his enemies, but could not protect him from the treachery of a friend. Even among the friends of such a man as Hofer, there was one who could betray him for a bribe.

This wretch, the more a wretch that he was a professing minister of the gospel, was named How Douay. He guided the French to Hofer's retreat; the hut, artfully built among rocks, of which all were of the same colour, and some of the same form as itself, could not readily have been distinguished from them, even if the huge mound of snow that lay beneath it had not formed a rampart which none but those few who were in the secret of Hofer's hiding-place, and occasionally brought him provisions, would have thought it possible to pass; the chamois-hunter would have turned from the obstacle. There was indeed another way of access to the cabin under the jutting cope of a great rock, but no path or track whatever was apparent, and the place was altogether so remote and savage that there was little or no chance of its ever being approached by those who were hunting for the life of Hofer.

Thither they were conducted by the traitor, and there Hofer was seized, on the nineteenth of January, 1810. Several hundred men supported the detachment that performed this detestable service, and two thousand more were posted in the valley, so fearful were the enemy of a rescue.

Hofer smiled scornfully, and held himself proudly erect, when informed of these precautions for the safe custody of one man. But, when he heard that he had been betrayed by one of his own friends, he would not believe it.

“What is the name of the person whom you call my friend?” said he, not at all expecting that the officer could give an answer; but when he readily named the rascal, Hofer was for some moments speechless with amazement. Quickly recovering himself, he inquired what could have been the motive of such an act of perfidy, and when told that it was the price set upon his head, the amount of which he very well knew, he reflected for an instant, and then, kneeling down and raising his eyes to heaven, said :

“Who am I that I should repine at being sold

by my friend for two hundred pieces of gold, when my Divine Master was sold by one of his own disciples for thirty pieces of silver? O God, forgive the wretched man!"

He was removed with his wife and two children to the valley, and thence escorted through Meran to Botzen, where he was received with the respect due to his distinguished character. The French General, Baraguay D'Hilliers, who, in consort with Eugene Beauharnois, had formerly offered him safe conduct, impunity, and protection, which he had declined to accept from the invaders of his country, was now, in the discharge of his duty, answerable for his custody as a state-prisoner. He fulfilled with delicacy a task which could not but be repugnant to a generous mind; and other brave French officers also showed their sense of the merits of the captive by their respectful attentions; many even of Hofer's countrymen were admitted to see him.

But orders soon arrived to transfer him under a strong escort to Mantua. The Tyrolese were assured that there was no intention on the part of the French Ruler to do more than remove him

out of a country in which his detention might cause rash excitements and attempts at rescue. His desolate wife and children received the most grave assurances that his life would be respected, which, in some degree, mitigated to them the agony of separation.

Arrived at Mantua, he was put through the forms of a court-martial, and condemned to be shot; but the proceedings were, it is asserted, forwarded to Napoleon, at Paris, for his consideration.

In due and prompt time, a telegraph from Milan confirmed the sentence, and ordered its execution within twenty-four hours after the signal should reach the authorities at Mantua. Yet the French minister at Vienna was instructed, when the news of the execution should reach that capital, to allay the indignation that it would inevitably excite there against Napoleon, by declarations of the innocence of his master of all knowledge of the transaction, till it was too late to save the Tyrolese Chief.

Hofer's execution was enacted with all military solemnity on a bastion near the Porta Ceresa.

He refused to have his eyes bandaged ; and declined also to receive death on his knees. When told that such was the custom for persons in his situation, he said, “ I kneel to my God ; but, while I live and can keep my feet, I stand erect before men.”

In a few moments he lay breathless, pierced with balls.

The brave grenadiers, who were the mere mechanical agents of that deliberate and most atrocious murder, must have had stronger nerves than brave men ought to have, if they looked on the prostrate victim without remorse.

The body, laid upon a bier, was conveyed to the church of Saint Michael, and there exhibited, under a guard of soldiers, to all who chose to look upon it, not as a concession of respect to an illustrious enemy, but that there might be no doubt among the Tyrolese, of whom there were many at that time in Mantua, that Hofer was indeed dead ; that “ the Shield of Austria” had lost its best supporter.

About the same time, the hand of the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, the Austrian Emperor’s

daughter, was received, by proxy, at Vienna, by that faithful hero's murderer, Napoleon Bonaparte, first and last Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and Scourge of the House of Hapsburg.

All these things have occurred under the eyes of living generations. Napoleon and his dynasty are extinct. The uneasy throne of France has been long ago resumed by the Bourbons, and Tyrol has long since been restored to its Austrian liege.

On the Brenner mountain, not far from the humble birth-place of the Hero of Tyrol, a plain stone tablet, surmounted by a cross, records that Andreas Hofer was born on the 22nd of November, 1767, and died on the 24th of February, 1810.

Which of the two memorials is the worthier of honest respect — this inscription, or the graven stone that covers him who sleeps under the willow of Saint Helena?

CHAPTER XII.

The orange-flower for sweet content,
The Bride shall duly wear ;
The flower-de-luce, for loyalty,
Shall deck her glossy hair.

And one flower more her bosom,
Some heart-deep fancy feeding,
Shall fondly wear for mournfulness—
The flower-of-love-lies-bleeding.

DION, after having, as we have seen, bade adieu to Hofer, some weeks before that admirable patriot was snared by the enemy, had returned, with what expedition he could, to Molis ; and he had found his journey much more difficult than before, as he was frequently obliged to go wide of his course to avoid the posts and patrols with which almost every defile and pass were guarded, while larger bodies of troops were posted along all the main roads from France.

He arrived unquestioned, however, though after much suffering from the rigour of the season, at a point not a league distant from Mollis: then, as Madame Beyer's house lay nearly in his way, and was an embowered and secluded mansion, he resolved not to enter the town, but to shelter himself under her roof, certain of a hospitable reception. Not that he designed to stay there long, perhaps not more than a night or two, for he would not expose her to the inconveniences and perhaps danger of harbouring, for any protracted time, a refugee so obnoxious as he was to the inquisition of the tyrant's agents.

Dion had travelled in painful dejection, and now that he was so near to Mademoiselle Hoffmann (nearer even than he knew, for she was at her aunt's), he felt none of the elasticity of spirit that makes the heart of a lover throb high when he approaches his mistress after absence.

Inured to disappointment, and as true a believer in the final issue as he was in the justice of the cause for which he fought and plotted, the mischances that still depressed that cause would not have subdued him but for the death

of Iris, who had so literally died for him. The thoughts of her grew upon his mind with an accumulating weight of misery that even the cordial welcome of Madame Beyer, and the unexpected presence of Joanna, and her agitation at his appearance, rather increased than lessened. For what a story had he to tell !

They had, in common with their neighbours, heard of the disasters of Austria, and the consequent ill-fate of the Tyrol, and could not, in the absence of minute information, but be most anxiously alarmed for his safety, and not the less so that they had the certainty of one most severe bereavement. Captain Hoffmann was one of the officers of Oudet's corps who fell on the day of Wagram. To them, therefore, his appearance ought to have communicated some consolation ; but he looked so woe-begone, so pale, so harassed, so unlike the Dion that had left them, that the flash of pleasure with which they greeted him was immediately succeeded by gloom.

Madame Beyer attempted to console him on the frustration of his political hopes in the Tyrol.

“ Alas ! madam,” he replied, “ it is not that ;

though it is indeed grievous that those brave Austrian highlanders should have fallen but to fatten the prosperity of the tyrant ; his iniquities are not yet ripe ; but the harvest-day will surely come, and the reaper-fiends must bide their time, and keep their sickles sharp. The peasant-heroes will be yet avenged. A man accustomed as I have been to see brave energies smothered in blood should bear to look at such mischances without quailing. But, alas, after the loss that you have suffered, I bring only an addition to your affliction. Mademoiselle Hoffmann," he continued, after a pause, " does not ask me for news of the Nymph of the White Torrent."

" I fear, I fear to ask you," she quickly rejoined. " I have thought as much of her as of you, since you left us; the first words that started to my lips when you came in, were, where is Iris? but I could not utter them."

" Iris is asleep in her own land," said he ; " and no purer and lovelier spirit was ever laid to rest there."

" You do not mean that she is no more," exclaimed Madame Beyer and Joanna.

Dion's gesture answered "Yes."

Joanna burst into tears, and, after some struggle to give words to her emotion, she said, unguardedly, and betraying deeper feelings than she would have shown, "Then shall I never behold that bright little spirit, whom I so desired and dreaded to see; my ethereal rival, whom I longed to reproach and fondle, so strangely did her heart and mine jangle to the same tune."

These words, spoken with passionate sincerity, told Dion all that the most exacting lover could desire to hear, and were such as could by no modification be made to lose their force. Joanna would have recalled them if she could, for she had spoken aloud in the agitation of the moment, when she thought only to address herself. She had no sooner said them than she was covered with unfeigned and extreme confusion, and hid her face in her hands, so that the tears trickled over her fingers.

Dion, though roused and enraptured by that avowal, had the grace to relieve her distress by the respectful delicacy of his answer.

“ If,” said he, in a subdued tone, and rather as if commenting on her observation than replying to her, “ if spirits of congenial purity, who fail to meet on earth, be fitting companions for each other in heaven, then will Iris and Mademoiselle Hoffmann yet be associated in friendship.”

Joanna’s tears flowed faster as she said, “ Oh that I had known her !”

“ She has sent you a token,” said Dion ; and he drew out the miniature, and, rising, presented it to her examination. She looked at it with astonishment, for, having heard its history, she was not prepared for a resemblance to herself so striking that she could not mistake or question a lineament of it.

Madame Beyer, after waiting till Joanna should invite her to look at it, finding that her attention was too much absorbed to direct itself to her, rose, and, placing herself behind her niece’s chair, looked at it for an instant, and exclaimed—“ True : nothing can be more like : and this portrait, you think, was painted several years before you saw Joanna.”

“ Yes, madame,” said he, “ nothing is more certain.”

“ Nothing is more certain,” replied Madame Beyer, “ than that the best memories are fallible.”

This remark might have excited Dion’s curiosity, had not Joanna at the moment called his notice to a red stain on the enamel, and anxiously asked—

“ What is that ? It looks like blood.”

“ Alas,” said Dion, “ it is indeed her blood—the blood of Iris !”

“ Gracious Heaven ! how can that be ?” asked Joanna, shuddering.

“ Compose yourself, my dear niece,” said Madame Beyer, sitting down by her, and taking her hand. “ Monsieur Dion has not yet told us this unhappy tale : let us attend.”

Dion, rightly supposing that Madame Beyer thought it best that every painful circumstance that might irritate Joanna’s curiosity should be revealed to her at once, communicated all the facts as they have been described.

Madame Beyer was almost as much affected

as her niece, whose sobs often interrupted the recital, and who, when it was concluded, started up, with clasped hands, and walked hastily about the room, exclaiming, “ Oh, that I had died for her ! poor, generous, noble little creature ! Oh, that I had been the sacrifice instead of her ! ”

Madame Beyer interposed to calm her, and, after some time, persuaded her to sit down and listen.

“ The All-wise, my dear Joanna, has decreed it otherwise. He has withdrawn that bright Intelligence from the face of the earth, and left you on it for other duties. It was His will that Iris should save Dion’s life at the expence of her own, probably for a higher reward than the fruition of her dearest terrestrial wish could have yielded. It seems also to be intended that you should on earth be the reward of the man who saved your life at the risk of his.”

Joanna looked at her aunt with amazement, not in the least comprehending her last allusion ; Dion, with displeased alarm, supposing that some rival had sprung up, whom Madame Beyer was

now disposed to favour. But this lady proceeded :

“ You have told me, sir, that you were at Zurich some years ago.”

“ Yes, madame, nine or ten years ago ; but only for a day and night ; and I have not much recollection of the place. I was only fifteen years old.”

“ Did any thing happen to you there so remarkable as not to be forgotten ?”

“ Yes,” he said, with eagerness, now beginning to combine in his own mind the reason of the inquiry with the fact, “ I had the good fortune to be the means of recovering from the water a young lady, a child, perhaps seven or eight years old, who had fallen out of a pleasure-boat into the lake.”

“ Yes,” said Madame Beyer, “ you were walking on the lake side, and you plunged into the water, and saved her before we, that is, those who were in the boat, had presence of mind to be of any use. Joanna was the girl you rescued, and I was a witness of the act.”

And Madame Beyer, much as she delighted

and astonished her auditors, related only what was true.

“Your modesty,” she continued, “deprived her friends of the satisfaction of making proper acknowledgments to you, and becoming acquainted with Joanna’s preserver, for you hurried away from us as soon as we landed and received her from your arms; though, as she had been but a few moments in the water, she was only frightened, and we should have had leisure to thank you without neglecting her.”

“Yes,” said he, “I remember it well; it was the bashfulness of a boy overwhelmed with compliments that he was perhaps vain enough to be well pleased with, though too awkward of speech to acknowledge suitably—a sort of proud cowardice, of which I was afterwards ashamed. I hurried back to Zurich, and was on my way to Vienna the next morning.”

“We never forgave ourselves,” said Madame Beyer, “for having suffered you to escape us before we had even ascertained the name of our benefactor. But, when I lately saw you again, I was sure that I had seen you before, and I soon

assured myself that you were the brave and beautiful boy who came among us and left us like a good angel, which you were and are. Joanna, you are silent."

"What can I say, dear aunt?"

He took her hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"Say nothing, dearest Joanna," said Dion, "unless you will say that I only rescued a treasure from the water to be allowed now to claim it as my prize, too great for my deserts, but the dream of my fondest love almost ever since."

"And yet," said Joanna, willing to evade an embarrassing question by a tender reproach, "you had totally forgotten me."

"Not so," interposed Madame Beyer; "the history of that portrait contradicts you. You were too young, probably too much frightened by your accident, to retain any recollection of his features — perhaps you did not even see them; but he, who was five or six years older, must have unconsciously carried away with him a very lively impression of your's; for, in the work of art that he saw at Antwerp some years afterwards, it is clear that he recognized your fea-

tures, though without connecting them with the remembrance of you as the child whom he had saved. He caused that type of you, the hama-dryad, as he has told us, to be copied in miniature ; and you have haunted him ever since as his Lady Vision, as he described to us all when he was here last. The fact, as I have explained it, disenchant the portrait of much of the wonder that hung about it ; but the romance is well lost for the truth ; the depth of the first impression you under-rate ; that the explanation testifies.”

“ And, alas !” said Joanna, taking up the portrait, and looking at it mournfully, “ what shall disenchant this portrait of the red stain that adheres to it, and seems to tax me with the fate of one ten thousand times more worthy of Dion than I—that dear, most hapless Iris ?”

Madame Beyer took the miniature from her, and, applying some water from a flower-vase to the enamel, wiped it, and said, shewing it to her niece—

“ There, it is disenchanted of that weak charge ; let us mourn for Iris even as if she had been our own ; but let us not, for vain supersti-

tions, forfeit the happiness so mercifully awarded us."

She kissed her niece's forehead, gravely restored the miniature with a kind encouraging smile to Dion, and left him to plead his own cause without the restraint of a witness.

That he pleaded successfully for the promise of her hand at some future and more favourable time there can be no doubt; but it is certain also that the test of "hope deferred," not for months, but for years, was yet to put their fidelity to the proof.

The very next night, before Dion had had sufficient respite to restore him from the great fatigues he had undergone, he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat from Glaris, on a warning from his friend, the priest, that there was danger.

Various and difficult were the fortunes of Dion after that time, and many were his wanderings. At last, a mission of great importance obliged him to traverse the Atlantic to seek General Moreau at New York. With that celebrated person he returned to Europe, and

had the grief to see him die on the field of Dresden, on the 27th of August, 1813.

He continued to serve with the Allies throughout the campaign, till after Napoleon's retreat from Leipsig; and, when the French were fairly beaten back across the Rhine, the loyal Frenchman abstained the more willingly from pursuing the triumph of the Allies in his own country, that there was an attraction for him at Zurich superior to all that even France possessed: Joanna was there, with her father, and Madame Beyer.

What a day of joy was that which, after so many trials, and so weary a separation, restored her lover to Joanna, on the banks of the lake from which he had rescued her when she was a child! Joanna, in the reaction of her spirits, which had been so long oppressed against their nature, was once more almost the gay and giddy damsel that we first knew on her pilgrimage to Einseideln.

Among the many festivities in Paris, occasioned by the Restoration of the Bourbons, early

in the summer of the following year, 1814, there was a Fancy-ball at the hotel of one of the numerous foreign grandees who contributed by their presence to the splendour of Louis XVIII.'s court.

On a fauteuil, in an embrasure of a crowded saloon, sate two persons of noticeable, though very different, appearance; the one in a court-dress was a somewhat aged person, with white hair, and small, light, deep-set eyes; his broad, bloodless, exceedingly wrinkled countenance had a singular air of imperturbable discretion. The other was a middle-aged man, of a handsome person, and an elegance of carriage that did not suffer even from the unbecoming uniform that he wore of an Irish militia regiment.

These two persons were conferring together, and a third, an English hussar officer, of very showy exterior, for his breast was absolutely covered with orders, stood by, attending to what was said. These three gentlemen were personages of no less celebrity than Prince Talleyrand, Lord Castlereagh, and Sir Charles Stewart.

The brothers seemed to listen to the Prince

with considerable interest. The conversation was no doubt then of grave political importance.

Listen, and you shall hear; and then cry, if you will, “*Parturiunt montes,*” &c.

Lord Castlereagh had asked Monsieur Talleyrand whether he knew the young lady who was waltzing with the Duke de Berri. She was dressed, à la belle Batelière, in the costume of one of the Swiss cantons; but her noble figure and fine animated features would have adorned any dress, however unpicturesque.

The following was the Prince’s answer.

“Yes; that fair Swiss peasant is the spouse of the Austrian herdsman who stands yonder, with a green hat in his hand, talking to Prince Lichtenstein. Is he not an Apollo-Tyrolese? The ladies say he surpasses the Belvidere Apollo in our Louvre. He is the Marquis A——, a French emigrant of ancient name, and a *preux chevalier*. In the days which are only just now past, when grenadiers and drummers wore crowns, and kings went begging, and when many a true man was constrained to exchange his cloth of gold for cloth of frieze, he was called Dion,

on account of a vision that he had about this young Swiss before he saw her. Yonder are the rest of her family, father, aunt, sister, and brother-in-law, all in the costume of her canton. She is a bride; and was only married the other day, here, by an old priest, who was sent for from her native mountains, at the express order of the King of France, with whom Dion is in high favour. But their history is a romance. I will tell it you another time."

Whether he kept his promise, or not, is not of much moment; since WE have told it to the reader, in the foregoing pages.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

THE
MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still !
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation ?

Macbeth.

IN the character of Napoleon Bonaparte there was not an atom of what is termed romance ; his genius and ambition, though equally vast, were the disciplined agents of a thoughtful and resolute self-love. His very heroism was more of a mathematical principle than a fervent impulse, and when he most startled the world into fearful admiration, he was but working out an answer to some studiously considered problem of self-aggrandisement. Men, with their force, physical

and moral, their bodily energies and their passions, prejudices, delusions, enthusiasm, were to him but as fuel to swell the blaze on that altar of ambition, of which he was himself at once the priest and deity. As fellow-creatures he scarcely regarded them ! for, from the hot May-day of Lodi, if not sooner, till the autumnal night of Moscow, if not later, when he left the flaming Kremlin he seemed to be unconscious that he was himself a created and responsible being.

Yet not only are the prominent events of his life romantic, but there is at least one circumstance in deep shadow behind them, and hitherto little noticed or understood, of so marvellous a kind, that it might be treated as a mere creation of fancy, if it were not sufficiently substantiated—this is, the Philadelphian Conspiracy, which haunted him from the hour of his elevation to that of his fall.

Its origin is attributable to the very barrenness of human sympathies in Bonaparte's mind ; for, from the time that the means by which he brought about his appointment to the Chief Consulship of the French Republic made it

manifest to many jealous observers that he aimed at sole and purely selfish power, this plot to baffle him sprung up and flourished in his own army.

The anger of political visionaries, of all denominations, sects, and views, in France, Bonaparte might have disregarded, had he been assured of the absence of all such pests from his barracks and camps; but he had never that certainty. On the contrary, he knew that there were fierce and sullen factions among his soldiery; and the vigilance requisite to awe them was one of the most fatiguing penalties of his new greatness.

This Philadelphian plot, in particular, disturbed him, because it was one that he could not grapple with. Vague rumours and warnings begot vague suspicions; these produced blind arrests and abortive examinations. Incidents were perpetually occurring that kept awake the sense of danger, but none that threw light beyond the outskirts of the mystery.

Napoleon well knew how he was detested by the democrats whom he had duped, and that among them there were many respected men,

whose hatred was dangerous. One of these was General Mallet, whom he pretended to suspect of Bourbonism, in order to weaken his credit with the republicans, but who, though sprung from the noblesse, was then, and for many years afterwards, of the popular party.

When Bonaparte was declared First Consul, Mallet was quartered as Adjutant-General at Besançon. Here it happened that several youths, of the remote eastern province in which that fortified town is situated, had formed themselves into a friendly club, which they called the Society of Philadelphians. They had no political designs whatever; they were a band of warm-hearted boys, who "swore eternal friendship" before they were dispersed through the world, and who agreed on certain rules and signs by which they and all future members of their Society were to be pledged and known to each other, wherever any of them might meet. It was a game at Free-Masonry, as puerile and harmless as the solemn farce of hide-and-seek played so imposingly by the brethren of the Square and Compass.

Mallet perceived nothing worthy of his attention in the proceedings of these young persons. He would have neglected no opportunity of strengthening parties against the First Consul ; but he was not the man to discover, in the expansive sensibilities and lively imaginations of raw youths, the very qualities that, skilfully managed, give life and force to factions. There was, however, an officer on his staff, who had both the penetration that can detect the latent power of such vapour, and the ingenuity that can apply it to daring purposes. The name of this very remarkable individual was James Joseph Oudet, and the following description of his character and person is given from the report of one who assures us that he knew him intimately.

Oudet was born near Menale, in the Jura, of an agricultural family, in easy circumstances. He received the usual elementary education of youths of his station ; but Nature, by the profusion of her gifts to him, seemed to have intended him for greatness. He became a soldier, and his bravery and talents soon signalized him. He

had eloquence, which quickly became popular, because directed against monarchical institutions, and exerted in advocacy of that amiable theory of universal freedom and brotherhood which the moustached philosophers of France are so fond of listening to, and so ready to write out for the edification of the world, using bayonets for pens, and blood for ink.

Yet Oudet himself had nothing in his manners that betrayed aught of the ruffianism of this sect of philosophers. He was the Admirable Crichton of the French army. Opposite qualities appeared in him to coalesce. He had the simplicity of manners of a child, with all the easy self-possession of a man of the world; the suavity of a girl, with the firmness of a stoic; he was the most active and the most careless of men; luxuriously idle when at leisure, indefatigable in enterprise, immovable in resolve, stern and gentle, playful and serious, yet always perfectly natural, unless he was perfectly and exquisitely artificial.

Oudet began his career as a volunteer in La Vendée. From that time, until he attained the

rank of Chief of Battalion in a famous brigade, it was a career of glory, and his exploits were as many as the actions in which he was engaged. His wounds, though not so numerous, were neither few nor always slight ; his right arm was twice pierced by musket-balls, one thigh was fractured by a shot. The soldiers related his feats, and the officers repeated his sayings. He was grievously scalded by fused lead at San Bartolomeo; some grenadiers crossed their muskets by way of litter for him, laid him on them, and were bearing him to the rear. “ Comrades ! ” he cried, “ what are you about ? You have turned your backs on the enemy ! ” An old serjeant, who thought him mortally hurt, answered, “ If we do not carry you off the ground, the enemy will trample on you. ” — “ Lay me down, and repulse them,” he said ; “ and my body will not be in their way. ”

Oudet survived that wound by a miracle ; and it was he who, three months afterwards, startled Bonaparte from a reverie, and blanched his cheek by this abrupt address. “ Hold up your head, that I may see your face, and be certain

whether it is indeed Bonaparte who has returned from Egypt to enslave his country !”

When at Besançon, in 1800, Oudet was in the flower of manhood, and of a most noble presence. His figure was at once elegant and robust, his air martial, his face of the most manly beauty, with a play of feature indescribably delightful. A sabre-cut had left a very slight and exactly vertical scar on both his lips; and this accident, far from disfiguring him, only added grace to a smile that matrons and duennas had before thought too dangerous.

Such a man could not but be a favourite with the fair and young of the softer sex. But it was not only with them that he was so; young and old of both sexes admired him, and the juniors of his own were irresistibly attracted to him by a certain proud urbanity of address which was one of his peculiarities. He was to them “the glass of fashion and the mould of form.”

But there was an originality about him, even in very trivial things, which was not easily imitated. His dress, for example, which was always neat and unexaggerated, and strictly conformable

to the regulation of the service, seemed to be fashioned, or put on, differently from any other man's uniform ; but no one could discover in what the difference lay. He had a way of wearing his hat, which was quite peculiar to himself, and which many of the young officers in the army, who were enthusiastic in their admiration of him and would fain have resembled him in something, in vain tried to catch. It was said, probably in joke, that Bonaparte himself tried to seize the manner, and only adopted his own particular form of hat, the little three-cornered one, "square to the front," when he found that Oudet's mode was inimitable.

Oudet, oddly and vainly enough, valued himself a good deal upon this singularity ; and, whenever any even of his most familiar friends attempted to rally him on it as an affectation, he would knit his brows and twist his moustache, a sure token that he was annoyed.

He was subject to abstractions, during which he would sometimes commit the most ridiculous mistakes. Of these it was very evident that he took pleasure in hearing his friends talk ; and as

his fits of absence never compromised him on serious or important matters, it is possible that they were not so real as they seemed. When people were talking round him, and discussing some strange paradox that he had started, he would fall into one of his profound reveries, and seem "laid asleep in body," and utterly unconscious of what was passing; then, with a sudden movement of the head and an idiotic laugh, he would take up the last word that had been spoken, seize with astonishing quickness the most fantastic idea that the imagination of any delirious person could attach to that word, and make it the text of some eloquent rhapsody, with which the hearer's mind was carried away, without a moment's leisure to reflect on the inconceivable follies to which it was lending itself.

This play of fancy running itself out of breath, which Oudet usually terminated, as he began it, by a fit of laughter, as if mocking both himself and his auditors, was another of his peculiarities that it was next to impossible to imitate, for, foolish as it was, the brilliancy and fluency were quite extraordinary.

Another remarkable trait in Oudet's character was, that, though he was in the habit of gaming, he had not the least of the true spirit of a gambler ; that is, he had no regard for money, but an utter contempt for it. The love of gaming, in almost all who cherish it among the educated classes, is at best the "lust refined" of gold—it is sheer heartless avarice, however disguised by the plausibilities of fashion and custom ; it is *not* an amusement, it is a business ; one that converts men into fiends, and makes the successful quite heedless in their convivial hours, when they are luxuriating on the fruits of their success, whether the wine that is refreshing their jaded spirits is their friend's blood, or his widow's tears.

But Oudet, though he was always ready to stake his money, his horses, his choice trinkets, or whatever he possessed, on the hazard of the die, was really indifferent whether he won or lost. If he won, which he generally did — for Fortune favours the indifferent as well as the brave—he would give away his money, with little or no discrimination, to almost any one that

wanted or appeared to want it. If he lost, he was not at all disturbed ; though it would sometimes happen that his finances were extremely low.

He was a man whose tastes were naturally simple and frugal ; he was only extravagant and ostentatious by habit for effect ; so he could, as far as his own wants were in question, be quite satisfied at very little expence, and the want of money never made him unhappy. Why did he gamble, then ? perhaps for pastime — certainly not from avarice ; perhaps to study character, perhaps to disguise his own.

But what was more extraordinary than all, there was, in the physiognomy of Oudet, as well as in the sound of his voice, a real power of fascination over animals, which has often been attributed to the human countenance, but rarely witnessed. There was something in his steadfast look that enchanted them. So true is this, without exaggeration, says his encomiast, that he was in the habit of exercising the faculty over the most savage beasts, and took great delight in the practice. When “ he held them with his

glittering eye," they would crouch, and gaze on him as gently, through the bars of their cage, as the tigers and leopards of Eden gazed upon Adam.

Yet there was one tiger whom he could never tame, though he made it the main study and business of his life to quell him. Of Bonaparte he had very early formed his opinion, at the sort of court of the Dictator Barras, at which Oudet had first been presented by chance, but where he was afterwards a frequent attendant, allured as it seemed by the presence of the handsome women whom he found there.

But, young as he then was, Oudet by no means surrendered all his attention to fair toys. He was struck with Bonaparte, then a small slender figure, with a thin pale face that looked as if it was starved by thought. Oudet soon learned to appreciate the man who was about to charge himself with the destinies of France, and whose political hypocrisy at that time deceived all parties, yet was clearly discernible to his shrewd though inexperienced insight. Perhaps Oudet found the index in his own mind. He was con-

vinced that Bonaparte had absolute power in view, and that he would never voluntarily relinquish it, if once acquired, either for king or people.

While Bonaparte was rising to power, Oudet was ruminating on the possibility of not only impeding his ascent, but of hitting on some plan that should complete and terminate the Revolution to the satisfaction of all the national interests, and without further effusion of French blood by Frenchmen. Finding it impossible to check Bonaparte's rise, he still cherished the hope and the determination to bring him down again; and he never abated the grand presumption that he, Oudet, might become the liberator of the land, and perhaps its popular lord.

He had long indulged this proud dream; and at last persuaded himself that his best course was to draw within his influence some secret, trusty, and devoted society armed, if possible, and ever ready to act at the bidding of its chief. The difficulty had been to find an already-formed association, of this sort, of such flexible materials as should be entirely controllable by his own

genius. No sooner, then, was Oudet enrolled among the Philadelphians, than he rejoiced as if he had discovered what the Machinist dreamed of, who boasted that he could move the earth if he could find a fixed spot near it whereon to rest his lever.

The Philadelphians was certainly a society of the kind he wanted. Originating in an amiable feeling, it gave him the guarantee of probity and generosity ; qualities which, in the very young, are too readily susceptible of the delusions with which the crafty play upon the ingenuous. Oudet held the sway of a few years' seniority over most of his Philadelphian associates, as well of that commanding talent over them all that had already anticipated the instruction of long experience in life and manners.

Oudet applied himself, without loss of time, to the task of moulding so promising an institution to his designs. He took care not to be more communicative of these than good policy demanded. It was far from requisite to confide to every Philadelphian a project that might require a long labour of preparation. It was at

first enough that each member should be pledged by the law of the institution itself to lend such aid as might be required of him, without demur of individual opinion or personal interest ; and this engagement was adroitly obtained by a few amendments and additions to the original rules, and by a specific oath.

Oudet had too much knowledge of human-kind not to proportion his revelations to the strength of the recipients. To some they were leading hints of experiments in process ; to others merely a suggestion of hopes of change : to these a distant perspective of action, to those an enterprise at hand, a conspiracy begun. Thus he secured the favour both of them who believed that they divined his intentions, and of such as considered themselves already engaged in promoting their success. All faculties were drawn out without being overstretched — just kept in gentle exercise by the fine economy of their director.

The first political era of the Philadelphians seems to present, therefore, except in Oudet himself, no more than a series of lively youthful

visions of force and courage, to be directed against some obscurely hideous abstraction of tyranny. The art of Oudet, after sowing the seeds of ambition in those young breasts, was to watch them as they germinated, and to take care that too prompt or too inert a growth did not render them incapable of bearing fruit. For this it was necessary to support feebleness, to moderate impatience, to stimulate or soothe each various disposition. He was also continually breaking new ground for the culture of fresh resources. All which, and more, he accomplished with singular ingenuity and tact.

Oudet obtained initiation into almost all the secret societies of Europe, with no other design than that of enriching his own with his discoveries. He often wondered at the unprofitableness of his researches, and at the inanity of purpose of all those masonic brotherhoods that have so ridiculously affrighted governments, which ought rather to have attached them by privileges than to have denounced them in edicts. He borrowed little from them but the distinction of classes, and some signs for recognition.¹

Oudet formed a scale of distinctions, which he termed his *Philadelphic ladder*, and which, though perfectly understood by none but himself, was so graduated as to invite from all ranks of society all the strong minds that still retained independence, in the state of subserviency to which France was sinking.

Of the three upper degrees on this scale, the highest was the Censorship, nothing less than a kingly absolutism under another name. To this no one could arrive without having previously gained the two steps next in dignity.

The second was one rather of forms and revelations than difficulties. But the third was very arduous of attainment, and accessible only to resolute and sure men, who were vowed to a more than monastic renunciation of all merely personal cares. The man who became a member of this class ceased to be any thing else ; and all his private duties were to give way to those imposed on him by the Institution. He quitted his place in general society to become the blind instrument of that special fraternity to which he thus devoted himself ; and, in his intercourse

with it, he was no more to be known by the name of his fathers, but by some other appellation, usually an heroic one from ancient history, and one supposed to be appropriate to his character, as the Red Indians and other savages distinguish their men of mark by the names of the birds and beasts, whose qualities resemble their's. Thus, an able and firm adept, likely to seize an opportunity of turning any popular excitement to the views of the Institution, was named *Marius*; a young man of quick wit and warm spirit, yet of amiable and winning manners, received the name of *Alcibiades*. Then there was *Spartacus*, whose blunt, frank manners qualified him for the office of stirring up slaves against their masters. The spirit of imitation infused by these adoptive names was sometimes shockingly proved: *Cato*, *Themistocles*, and *Cassius*, all perished by suicide.

Oudet's official station under Mallet at Besançon, and his family connections with the Jura, enabled him easily to extend and strengthen his Philadelphian party in those quarters, and not only there, but through the whole of Franche

Comté and Burgundy. He speedily diffused his influence much farther. Trusty emissaries were sent from province to province, feeling their way cautiously, and weaving secret intelligences with the disaffected everywhere. An understanding was established with the lawless rovers of the great mountains that border France on the east and south; for even smugglers and brigands were to be made useful. Auxiliary institutions of *Barbets* were cultivated in the towns and villages of the Alps; of *Bandoleers* in those of the Jura, Switzerland, and Savoy; and of *Miguelets* in the Pyrennees.²

But the nerves and sinews of the Philadelphian Scheme were *the Band of Blue Brothers in the Army*. It was first introduced simultaneously into three regiments of the line, two of light infantry, and one of dragoons, and from them to other troops, till there were few corps in the French service in which there were no Philadelphians.

By degrees, this audacious League became a nation within a nation; and a nation powerful in youth, intelligence, courage, and, above all,

devotedness and obedience. It had, finally, its noblesse, its clergy, its magistrates, its *army*, its people, and its literature ;³ and all the links of this combination so concealed as to baffle the keen eyes of such ministers and agents of police as Fouché, and Savary, and their satellites. Oudet stood in the midst of this Confederacy, like the Gallic Hercules, the ingenious emblem of eloquence and strength, who, by the charm of words, holds multitudes of men together in invisible fetters.

But, though so crooked a plotter, Oudet was not, among his friends, one of those men who can never go straight to a point. He had at once, with undisguised self-confidence, nominated himself as the Chief of his Sequanian League, or Censor of the Philadelphian Society; but, had he not done so, they would have decreed that post to him by acclamation. In their nomenclature he was *Philopæmen*.

Here was unquestionably a very despotic institution to get rid of a despotism; and it was the more so, inasmuch as its autocrat was to have the privilege of perpetuating his power, or even,

by his sole will, of transferring it to any other hand, in certain cases of pressing necessity that could be foreseen as very possible chances, but could not be otherwise provided against; such as sudden seizure by illness, or prostration by wounds, or other disabling circumstance. The taskmaster of these slaves to liberty was more despotic than the Old Man of the Mountain, but they were willing slaves, and wore their muffled chains with secret exultation.

It would be now, perhaps, impossible to furnish all the details of these proceedings, if they were required. Yet, without such details, and clear proof of their connection with well-known results, the reader may find it hard to believe in its extent, or to comprehend how such a plot, if so widely spread, could have eluded the most vigilant police in the world; how it could have intruded itself into the very heart of Napoleon's strength, while, in some of the regiments where it was received, its existence was unknown to many officers and men whose truth to their victor-chief was too steadfast to be tampered with; nay, how the secret, which was in some instances

that of a whole corps, was never divulged, at least in any lucid manner, to him who had the most interest in the discovery, who had rewards of every tempting kind at his disposal, and who was thought by all Europe to be the idol of his legions !

A panegyrist of Oudet thus attempts an explanation. Philopœmen was the sole centre of a number of circles, enclosed one within another, without any perceptible connection ; and all these circles were composed of principal agents of a secret conspiracy, whose exact bearing none but one man knew. 'There was around him but one thought, repeated upon so many distinct points that it had no collective existence to any eyes but his own. He had admitted many persons to a share of his confidence, and a few to a very great share of it, but he had still something in reserve ; and all his communications were made with such consummate art that, had they been overheard or repeated, it would have puzzled the subtlety of state lawyers to detect any treasonable meaning in them. Then, what could a Philadelphian babbler, or even informer,

of the inferior ranks have told? All that he himself knew, or fancied he knew, was, that he was a member of an Institution to which he had solemnly pledged his service, because it was for the honour of France and good of mankind.

That indiscretions of this sort might occur, Oudet had taken into account, and had worded all the rules and instructions of the Society as equivocally as possible, or rather in a kind of double sense—a Philadelphian meaning and a general meaning.

It was not long after the diffusion of Philadelphism through the army that the wisdom of this ambiguity was proved. A talkative soldier betrayed the fact of the military existence of the Society. The First Consul was alarmed; but, after the strictest inquiry into it, so little had transpired that he was far from convinced that it had any design against his power. Two generals and a certain number of field-officers were, however, removed from employment, for having permitted or not detected such irregular combinations among the troops.

Oudet was mentioned on this occasion, but he

could in no way be identified with Philopœmen nor with any other of the assumed names of the Philadelphian chiefs, nor even proved to be a member of any thing but what still appeared to be a most harmless juvenile association.

Long before this affair, Bonaparte, distrustful of Mallet, and prejudiced against Oudet by a thousand warnings, as well as by an instinctive dislike, had caused them both to be narrowly observed, but without any effect. He could only learn that Mallet was not liked at Besançon, and that Oudet was the delight of the place and its neighbourhood. As he could fix no accusation on him, he resolved to withdraw him from Besançon, and, as if by an act of favour, to bring him under nearer *surveillance*.

Oudet was therefore advanced to the command of the 68th Regiment, and was ordered to Paris on business connected with that appointment. He was long detained there by various official pretexts before he was allowed to join his corps. This was done by the Minister of War, at the suggestion of Fouché, then Minister

of Police, that his habits might be closely scrutinized.

One day the Police-Minister, for the third or fourth time, informed the Chief-Consul that he had a report to make about Oudet.

“Bah !” cried the Consul, peevishly ; “again that Petticoat-Achilles ! I will anticipate your report :—he rifled the hearts of all the ladies, last night, at Cambacères’s :—he is a superlatively handsome fop :—I forgive him all his treasons. I knew him well, formerly, at Barras’ house ; he was always a butterfly-hunter ! It is inconceivable how he should ever have been thought of as any thing but a brave coxcomb.”

“Your pardon, Consul, but he does not pass much of his time in hunting butterflies now. I even think that he has had more reputation for female conquests than is his due, and that the ladies themselves, by an odd sort of vanity, like to be suspected of more intimacy with him than ever exists ; at all events, he has given himself very little trouble about them lately.”

“To what purpose is all this preamble,” said Bonaparte ; “is it, as usual when this man’s

name is mentioned, a pomp of words to end in nothing? Have you any positively important fact against him?"

"Not exactly; but—"

"Bah! bah! always *not* and *but* — well, go on, I will not interrupt you."

"Well, then," said the patient Minister to the impatient First Citizen of the Republic, "it has been remarked that during the considerable time this officer has been in Paris he has seldom appeared in society. We have eyed him the more vigilantly; he has been surrounded with spies in the house where he lives; his life has been lonely and studious; he reads Plutarch."

"Oh, is that all? and why should he not read Plutarch? he took up that taste from me, perhaps. But he only reads it as an amusing story-book, to pass away the time which he chooses to deny to the women, that they may be the more eager for his company; depend on it he reads Plutarch's Lives, not his Morals. This studious fit is one of his pieces of coquetry. I remember that he used to affect to be so fond of Montaigne and Charron, that he always carried some de-

tached leaves from their works in his pocket ; and would, every now and then, ostentatiously consult them. He wishes to pass for an original, and so far succeeds—in the saloons.”

“ But he pores over Machiavelli and Alfieri, too,” said the Police-Minister.

“ Machiavelli ! ” echoed Bonaparte ; “ well, what of that ?—but proceed.”

“ Yes, he studies ‘ The Prince ’ day and night,” the Minister continued, with complacency, perceiving that he was now attended to, though the Consul looked careless and supercilious.

“ Mark the singularity of this person :—latterly, the only place that he frequents is a very obscure coffee-room, at the corner of the *Rue des Marais*, kept by a man named Putode. There he is, almost every evening, for about two hours, sometimes alone, sometimes joined by one or two or three officers who are on my list of suspected. Last night old Mercier met him there, by chance, I believe, and apparently for the first time.”

“ Mercier ! ” exclaimed the Consul, with some quickness ; “ and what said that grey wizard ? ”

“ Two companions were with Oudet ; the

two were conversing on seemingly indifferent topics. Oudet had not the air of a man who listens; he was evidently abstracted in meditation. The old man came in and sate down at some distance. Presently his eyes happened to wander towards those three persons, but Oudet's countenance fixed them. He perused him for some time: then, as if prompted by that demon of physiognomy which possesses him and makes him say such extraordinary things, he rose, advanced, stopped before him, leaned forward resting both his hands on his cane, and addressed him thus, with an air of inspiration:— ‘ Young man, forgive the aged Mercier for interrupting your reflections for a moment. I well see all their importance, and God forbid that I should thwart their workings! I read all your project on your brow, and all the energies that you possess to accomplish it. Save France, since such is your resolution; but do not, in your turn, again impose on her the yoke from which you would now deliver her.”

Here Bonaparte exclaimed, “ The troublesome dotard! that is just the way in which nega-

tive characters are made positive nuisances. An old fool, who fancies himself a privileged prophet, persuades a young fool that he is born for great things; he puts the crotchet into the block-head's head, and turns it; the giddiness is catching, and there is no knowing how far such follies spread, or what mischief they may cause. Send old Mercier to the devil! — no — it would be ridiculous to all Paris to lay hands on him."

The Consul paused, and turned away, and reflected for a few moments. The Seer Mercier was a person about whose predictions he felt a superstitious misgiving that he despised yet could not always shake off; and, as for his professed contempt for Oudet, it was altogether unreal. He abruptly turned to Fouché, and closed the dialogue by saying—

"Let me see Mercier and Oudet here, in as little less than an hour as may be. Let them come separately, and be kept apart. I shall be here till you announce that they are in the palace."

The police-minister retired. A carriage was sent to each of the parties with an appropriate

messenger, who merely expressed, in civil terms, the Consul's wish to see him immediately.

Whatever might be the surprise or uneasiness of Oudet, he betrayed no emotion ; and old Mercier felt none, further than the sense of gratified self-importance, at which he chuckled inwardly, as he slowly prepared to obey the summons.

It was presently intimated to Bonaparte, who was already in his cabinet, with his secretaries, immersed in other affairs, that the Minister of Police again desired audience. He continued his occupation for above half an hour, then rose, and received him in the adjoining room.

“ Your orders are obeyed : here are the two men.”

“ Separately ?” inquired the Consul.

“ Yes ; they have not seen each other.”

“ Let them be introduced through those two doors at the same time, then let the doors be closed, and leave them with me.”

“ With you, Consul ! had I not better then cause the younger man to be searched first ?”

“ No, no ; there is no danger ; but I thank

you for your consideration ; Oudet is fond of dramatic effect ; this is but a little farce that I am getting up for his amusement and my own."

Fouché withdrew to give the necessary instructions.

END OF VOL. II.

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